

Father Peter Gallwey, S.J.

WHEN Father Gallwey died a great link with an older order of things passed away. He outlived the majority of his own generation, and with the sum-total of his experiences in a Jesuit life extending over seventy years, he stood as a representative of many things that were no more. Yet he was not a man of the past, his interest in life was not retrospective; if fresh physical power could have been supplied, he had mental vigour and courage enough to have accepted willingly another term of life and work. The seventy years represented a variety of seasons for the Catholic Church in England and each had left its mark upon him. The early years of his life as a Jesuit belonged to the February period of the nineteenth century, before the hardness and the cold had begun to melt, and in these he gathered the strength, the high severity of tone that underlay all his ideas of religious life, that made him so hard to himself, so careless and contemptuous of all that tends to make things easy. He had been through England's May-day too, the efflorescence of devotion in the world during which Father Faber's influence was predominant in London. Father Gallwey had his share in this, many souls of high aspiration came under his influence, and found in him a guide probably more exacting than Father Faber, certainly less tropically exuberant in devotional teaching, but as intimately at home in the love of God and as determined that He should be loved in sincerity and truth. There were years following after this, a stress of the harvesting season when the May days were over, and the work must have been as weary as August afternoons to the reapers, years when nothing startling was happening, when the mass of ordinary souls, and not the *élite* in the spiritual order, claimed the attention of the clergy. There was a certain languor of spirit that seemed to creep over things in the eighties and nineties, but it could not lower the vital energies of Father Gallwey,—he occupied

them in part with the consolidation and extension of the work of preached retreats, a work which owes him much; he was elaborating his methods, some thought that he elaborated them over much, but he himself believed that they had just reached completeness in his last years. These years perhaps gave him the quick business-like manner with which he disposed of much spiritual work in a few words, as a specialist whose five minutes are not to be trifled with. The pressure of work, and his eager sense of all that was waiting, made him quick and unwilling to waste time, though for real need he never grudged it.

Father Gallwey was eighty when the new century came in and his physical strength was failing, there was a kind wistfulness and pathetic humour in his last years as if he felt for the first time that the pressure was getting to be too strong and the pace too fast for him. Yet he was not left behind, he was still "of his time" as he had been in all previous seasons and stages of life. On some sides he was as old as Ireland and as sad, with Celtic sadness. On others he was as young as America, as hopeful and as daring. If he had lived to see Pius Xth's legislation for frequent Communion and the Communion of little children, to feel the awakening of Catholic corporate action in the struggle for the schools, to witness the Eucharistic Congress in London and the development of Catholic Congresses in centres which had long lain desolate, if he had seen the beginning of motor-missions up and down the country, which would have been entirely according to his heart, Father Gallwey would have felt that life was more than ever worth living and that England's new era had begun. But he died in 1906 and his death, though it could not be said to close the older era, yet coincided fittingly with its end.

A sort of silence succeeded to his death and was almost unbroken for seven years. His friends and spiritual children often asked, "Will there be no record of Father Gallwey's life and work? nothing to keep his memory alive?" Father Gavin has answered that question now, he has given us a *Memoir* full of sympathy and of life-like touches, with a portrait as near perfection as we could wish. But he says that a *Life of Father Gallwey* "in the strict sense of the word is an impossibility." If that is so it must be said that the *Memoirs* have come at the right moment. If they had been published sooner perhaps the perspective would not have been quite

right. We still felt too much the affliction of feebleness and pain in his closing years, the last flickers of himself, and the suffering of his last efforts to work, were still too present to our minds, and the figure in the foreground would have drooped a little. Now it has withdrawn into a middle distance, seven years make about a quarter of a generation, we can go back to older memories and see him in better proportion to his surroundings. But if the *Memoirs* had been delayed longer many of those to whom they are now most precious would not have had the consolation of reading what the author well calls "the record of a holy life in *great part hidden*," hidden by Father Galloway's deliberate will, taking its measures of precaution beforehand, hidden also by his carelessness of himself, his personal reticence and the humility and self-effacement with which he kept it as much as possible out of sight.

It would be beyond the scope of this article and still more beyond the power of the writer, to analyze the character and distinguish the gifts and forces of Father Galloway's personality, yet as a mere sketch in retrospect, an affectionate homage to the memory of a Father greatly loved and admired, and as if looking at the admirable portrait which forms the frontispiece of the *Memoirs*, these few suggestions may recall the Father Galloway whom they knew to those who remember him, and add a line or two to the picture for those who do not.

When gifted Irish men and women live long in England they attain a singular completeness by the blending of two strains of excellence. They have brought with them their own endowments, and their sympathetic receptiveness reaches out on many sides, assimilating the gifts of England and transforming them into new qualities of their own. The corresponding gift is not attained by Englishmen resident in Ireland. With the highest appreciation and the most devoted attachment they remain outside. Cardinal Newman changed in no way by his residence in Ireland, Father Faber might have lived there for years and it would not have altered him, Cardinal Vaughan could not have lived there at all. It is perhaps their receptiveness which gives the missionary power to Irishmen, or which is their missionary gift itself, when it is lifted into the order of grace. The blending of imagination and sympathy with unembarrassed fearlessness in new situations, the innate love of adventure gives them a certain hopeful freedom in Apostolic enterprises and puts them in touch

with every race of mankind. Father Gallwey had this quick adaptability, with the hardening of purpose and concentration upon realities which are the tempering gifts of England. Again he owed a great deal of power to the fact that he was a Jesuit. If he had been the holy man he was, but not a Jesuit, he might have been a saint of the type of St. Columbanus, strong, vehement, deeply resentful, none the less a man of God, of prayer and of high achievement, but war would have been his element. If he had been a man of the world his gifts and qualities would probably have been too much in contradiction with one another to reach such definite wholeness of character as he attained, or such great results for the expenditure of his life's energy. His artistic side would have been more developed, his sensitiveness increased and his power for action proportionately diminished.

The true Celtic sadness was in him, sadness which is not uniform melancholy but a succession of times of deep depression and inaction upon hours of high inspiration. It was mastered, but it was there, apparent in the undertones of his moods and expression of face. The impression which his whole being conveyed was that of a strong and many sided nature brought under by great self-renunciation. He might have been a musician, a great organ would have been a joy to him, even his emphatic gestures and movements were like those of powerful organists; his thoughts about music were full of beauty, the study of musical form would have been a science of interpretation to him, but he refused himself all that music might have been, and kept it severely in its place of service, as an aid to devotion or the merest relief of a moment, in great weariness, as a recreation. He knew that his taste in music was uncultivated, in a way he felt it, but it was part of his renunciation. He could have been a sportsman too, but this was even more completely put to death in him, and buried without honour. He could have been ambitious, his appreciation of "great men, big men, strong men,"¹ was the last flash of this consciousness of kinship with them. He would have had a great love of beauty in all orders of things if he had given it play, but its only outlet was the loving dream of beautiful things that he would press into the service of God and of souls if he could do so. Thus for years he dreamt of beautiful views and pictures in lantern slides that he would

¹ *Memoirs*, p. 249.

show to illustrate the Life of our Lord, and in course of time he realized his dream, and was glad of it, and patient of its imperfection so long as in some measure it served its end. Thus he gave the impression of being both alive and dead on many sides, as if he had broken many strings of his instrument lest they should betray him into making music, and beguile him from his chosen work. Such self-sacrifice expressed the dominant idea of his life. One thing alone mattered to him, the extension of God's kingdom on earth and the conquest of souls to His service and love. Everything else was secondary and could be brushed aside. The law of tireless devotedness in the active life of a Jesuit lends itself little, as Father Lippert points out, to development in passive growth, and to moods of rest and quiescence. That is, according to him, the reason why the Society of Jesus does not compete with the older Orders in the domain of creative art. This, as he says, is properly a fruit of the soul, borne in circumstances which give it scope and play, borne in the undetermined waiting which is not quite inaction, but is not driven by the law of a strenuous will obliging it to seize fleeting opportunities and obey the imperious command of present urgent needs.¹ He ascribes to this same principle the greater excellence of scientific work in which the Society has distinguished itself. For Father Gallwey there was but one science worth attention, the science of the Saints, for which he held cheap all else in which he might have excelled. This is worth insisting upon because in practice and by example he enforced rather the law of abstinence than that of use with regard to creatures. In other words his methods of treating spiritual matters were direct rather than indirect. He liked to get quickly to the heart of things, and if through condescension he stooped down to pass through a low doorway, and show a momentary interest in things that were not of eternal worth, it was only for a moment. He knew his way easily about the "offices" in God's great mansion, and led the conversation by a quick turn to the other door through which according to St. Ignatius's principle he meant it to come out. If a single word could sum up his attitude to all visible things, and to all that makes the pride of life, it would be *unworldliness*, and without doubt this unworldliness was a great source of his power. He positively, evidently, despised what the world

¹ See F. Lippert, S.J., *Zur Psychologie des Jesuitenordens*, p. 69.

values, he despised it not unkindly, but with easy negligence. It was Irish unworldliness, in a mind so much engrossed by faith that other things were "not worth while." There was a parish priest who lived at Greystones, a fellow-countryman of Father Gallwey's, his Christian namesake, and even his cousin, a true cousin, though he said once, surrounded by a tribe of little girl and novice cousins that "every Irish person is the relation of every other Irish person." This other Father Peter had his personal luggage deposited in the hall of the house on the day of his arrival, his library, clothing, &c., and the cases remained there until his death, many years later, without being unpacked. Father Gallwey might easily have done the same if he had belonged to the secular clergy, feeling that it was not worth while to unpack anything in a world where all things are so temporary.

With all his unworldliness, however, with all his detachment Father Gallwey did not suffer from the modern weariness of life, he did not think desirable things unattainable; in the sphere in which he cared to work they were attainable and he attained them. The number of conversions to the faith in which he was instrumental must be uncounted, and now uncountable, uncounted also the number of broken lives mended, of holy lives begun under his guidance, and perhaps more than all the number of sorrowful lives comforted and trained in the bearing of the cross. It was one of his favourite axioms that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," and it was with the sick and sorrowful that he seemed most at home. It was a study in charity to see him visit the sick, so gentle was his manner, so quick his observation, so tactful his little interferences, so uplifting the short playful word in which heaven and earth met. It was a study in devotion to see him carry Holy Communion to the house of a sick person. His absorbed look would tell any Catholic who met him, in the *incognito* imposed by London, that he was carrying his Master; yet he had a courtier's quick eye for the proper etiquette to make sure that everything was as it should be, that flowers as well as lights should not be wanting but that rubrics should be observed. He managed so that for the sick person everything should fulfil expectation at the right moment, neither hurried nor delayed, that nothing should fidget or startle the sensitive tension or increase the effort of the great moment. When he gave Extreme Unction it was adminis-

tered with such expressive care and gentleness as to bring out to the sick person the fulness of its comfort and meaning. He lingered a very little over the words as he gave each unction, and repeated them slowly in English as he wiped it away, doing everything with leisure and finish, yet without ever being oppressively devout. He was pleased to give Extreme Unction, it seemed to be a real joy to him to give the Church's remedy for life or death, and he used to speak with great emphasis of the duty of offering this grace to the sick sooner rather than later, as soon, in fact, as the Church would allow it; as Father Gavin says "he was a specialist for the death-bed." These were his realities, the things that to him were truly *worth while*.

As to the manner of his spiritual teaching the same principles hold good. He was unworldly and impersonal. The handling of spiritual things was deserving of his best, but his best was not measured by personal satisfaction or even by the perfection which he could have attained if he had thought of himself. He was eloquent, and he could have been eloquent to a far greater degree than he chose to be, for he wanted, above all, to be accessible. Often it was evident that he did not allow himself to think of beauty of form, his preaching and teaching were for use, not for delight. The means were for the end, and he did not shrink from those that were homeliest, even if they were well-worn,—though some might think them even worn-out, and though they might not be entirely relished by the fastidious. He did not regard this, but he *would* make himself understood, he *would* make the truths of faith and spiritual life accessible to the average person. He knew that human nature is easily distracted and forgetful, he did not weary of repeating the same teaching almost in the same words, year after year, retreat after retreat, that in the end it might be understood and remain. It was for the use, the spiritual profit of his hearers that he spoke, not for their pleasure, still less for his own satisfaction. In his preached retreats he never talked over the heads of the beginners, in explaining prayer and meditation he spoke of what was attainable by all. Whatever may have been his own gift of prayer he kept it secret, he worked with the simplest methods in their simplest expression and gave no hint of anything else. Yet no one could call his style popular, it was his own, a style of speaking that seemed to be the outcome of a particular vein of thought and meditation,

rich with the teaching of Holy Scripture, and particularly rich in the letter of Scripture texts, but with special and even astonishing turns and applications of his own, of which many are to be found in the *Watches of the Passion*.

Father Gallwey often spoke with a great intensity of feeling, the thoughts he communicated were not abstract principles, they were full of his own spirit and life and sometimes they overcame him as he uttered them. One Easter morning at Farm Street he preached on the Resurrection, he had given the *Maria Desolata* sermon with extraordinary devotion on Good Friday evening, and it had been evident that the last days of Holy Week had been full of vivid realization of the great events of the Passion. When he came to the apparition of our Lord to His Mother on the morning of the Resurrection he broke down, and in spite of all his efforts to command himself the pause was agonizingly long. At last he said, "Eye hath not seen, my brethren, nor ear heard what passed between the Mother and the Son in this meeting,"—and his voice failed again. Perhaps it was not what he had meant to say at that moment, it did not seem to be, but it was the climax of an Easter sermon that could not be forgotten. He spoke much of our Lady, and more than anything else he literally *harped* on the Hail Mary, which appeared to be a constant subject of his meditations in the last years. This too received quaint illustrations in his familiar instructions to Children of Mary. It was "a song composed for the Queen's wedding day," dear to her above all other songs, and whenever she heard it, so dear was it from association that she could not help listening to it and loving it, even if it were sung by the cracked voice of a street singer. From this they were to learn the power of the *Ave Maria* and the efficacy of its use by the sinner, as well as by the saint who could sing it in heavenly tune.

In his private teaching there must have been a greater variety than any one person could know or hear of, yet probably all who knew Father Gallwey well must have been struck by his constant recourse to St. Ignatius's Rules for the Discernment of Spirits; he would recommend them, explain them, use and turn them to account with the ease of one who is master of a favourite instrument. In particular the Rules belonging to the "Second Week" were luminous in their application to the many things of life that go through young minds in which truth and illusion blend. He was very gentle

with these youthful dreams, but the light he turned upon them by the wonderful Rules dispelled their illusions more effectually than active opposition or severe criticism.

His best teaching, his favourite themes lay along these lines,—the Holy Scriptures, the Life of our Lord, the Book of the Spiritual Exercises were the chief sources from which he drew his doctrine, but the interpretation of them bore the mark of his own strong personality. This has been caught in the *Memoirs*, and their chapters are a series of photographs of Father Gallwey, all good likenesses at different times of his life and in different positions. In a first reading the feeling they arouse is a wish for more, and the regret that a complete portrait, a whole Life cannot be hoped for. It would have been so much to us to know how Father Gallwey became what he was, to have some idea of his childhood and boyhood. But a second reading brings the conviction that we have more than appears at first. It may be that the picture is truer, as it is certainly less conventional because he comes upon us suddenly, in his full stature, already a Jesuit and a priest, as the prophet Elias appears in the Sacred text, unannounced, and bearing the word of the Lord God of Israel. It is characteristic of his silence and impersonality and the distance that kept him apart from the things of ordinary existence, although he was so untiringly at the service of every soul that he could help. *Anima mea in manibus meis semper* was a favourite text of his, it seemed a fitting expression in his mouth, and one that might be his own, the expression of a soul set and steadfast, held in a very firm hand and never let go. He had something of a solitary about him, and if we have only fragmentary records of his life they are fragments that tell much, above all to those who knew him. It is one of the good things of life to have known Father Gallwey, and to have owed him much is one of its great debts.

J. S.

The Place of the Priest in Social Work.

THE social action of the clergy is, as is obvious, subordinate to their directly spiritual work of administering the Sacraments and preaching the Word of God. The priest's interest in bodies is conditioned by his interest in souls. Not that the former is unimportant, but that the latter is unspeakably more important.

There is, of course, always a danger lest the clergy should allow their interest in the material concerns of their flock to interfere with these primary spiritual functions. This has actually happened from time to time in the Church, and various enactments have been passed to remedy the evil. Hence there has come into being a somewhat elaborate body of ecclesiastical provisions regulating the social action of the clergy.

In the first place priests, like others, are bound by the general rules which have been drawn up for Catholic social action; such, for instance, as are contained in the Encyclicals *Quod Apostolici Muneris*, *Rerum Novarum* and *Graves de Communi* of Pope Leo XIII., the special Instruction issued by the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical affairs, and the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X. on Christian Social Action.¹

Secondly, there are a number of provisions of Canon Law affecting the social action of the clergy in particular.

The third book of the Decretals contains the general regulation "*Ne clerici vel monachi secularibus negotiis se immisceant.*"² A special law forbids them to engage in commercial pursuits. This special law admits of exceptions: a cleric may engage in honest commercial pursuits if he has no other means of supplying his actual and personal needs. To supply less personal or less actual needs by such means requires a

¹ For the Italian original, see *Acta S. Sedis*, vol. xxxvi, pp. 349—45. An English translation has been published by the Catholic Truth Society, "Catholic Social Guild Pamphlets," No. 4.

² Tit. 50.

dispensation from his bishop or (in the case of an Italian diocese) from the Holy See.

The general law has been less accurately defined. *Secularia negotia* are declared by Schmalzgrueber to be those *quae ad reipublicae statum secularem potius quam ecclesiasticum pertinent*. This does not carry us far: for the same transaction may be secular or ecclesiastical according to its motive or its circumstances. This general law does not forbid the administration of temporals by clerics. A priest may administer his own property or the property of a wealthy abbey, or he may undertake tiresome financial business on behalf of the indigent. Clerical saints as well as Lord Mayors have organized relief funds: the business in such a case is "clericalized" by its aim. The same may be said of economic undertakings which are established ultimately for the good of religion. Yet the dignity of the priesthood and the spiritual ministrations of the priest must never be compromised: and to safeguard these other legislation, as we have now to see, has been introduced.¹

Of special importance in this matter is the decree *Docente Apostolo*, issued by Pius X. in November, 1910. This decree has reference to the participation of the clergy,² in work for the temporal assistance of the faithful, specifying savings banks of various kinds. While heartily approving of such institutions (the decree exhorts and recommends all priests to grudge neither pains nor advice in their foundation and extension) it forbids clerics to hold such offices in them as entail the cares and responsibilities of temporal administration—such as, *e.g.*, those of president, chairman, secretary, treasurer, &c.

It further enjoins that within four months from the date of its publication (November, 1910) all clerics who hold such offices shall resign them and not undertake them for the future without special leave of the Holy See obtained beforehand.

The decree enumerates rural banks, savings banks, &c., but is apparently meant to include all kinds of mutual benefit

¹ The above is based on Vermeersch, *Revue de l'Action Populaire*, April 10, 1911.

² Besson thinks (*Nouvelle Revue Théologique*, February, 1911) that the decree affects all clerics. "*Nemo e clero*," says the decree in one place. He holds that it extends to those who have received the tonsure, as well as to lay-Brothers in religion. Vermeersch, on the other hand, would restrict it to those in priest's Orders. The *ius commune* would appear to favour this view.

societies of a commercial or economic character (except clergy benefit societies), such as co-operative societies and the like. The priest is encouraged to found them and to support them with his advice, but is prohibited from taking a responsible share in them.

It would seem that this does not preclude him from being an ordinary shareholder, so far as Canon Law already permits: nor even from becoming an ordinary member of a committee of management.¹

Father Vermeersch² points out that the decree refers to cares *and* responsibilities. He thinks that it is only the combination which is prohibited, and that, where there is no danger of a priest being over-absorbed or distracted, he may undertake either the administration alone or the responsibility alone. This opinion, however, has been contested.³

Father Vermeersch warns us against certain wrong interpretations of the decree. There is, he says, a danger—

(1) lest we should interpret as prohibitive a law which is merely cautionary:

(2) lest we should overlook a principal part of the decree, viz., that which enjoins the promotion of economic undertakings, and fix our entire attention on the restrictive part:

(3) lest many priests, some through indolence and laziness, others through scrupulosity or narrowness of conscience, should neglect to found or to support works which are indispensable to the welfare of their flock.

He adds that the decree should have two good results. It should remind the parochial clergy that they may not neglect their parochial duties: and it should prevent imprudence in the assumption of responsible positions. The co-operation of the priest in economic undertakings for the good of his people may be necessary to ensure their success and to ensure their being kept on right lines.

The decree, then, is not intended to hamper any desirable social activity on the part of the clergy. Special treatment is provided for exceptional cases. Dispensations have already been obtained in large numbers, and it would appear

¹ So the writer of an excellent Note in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for June, 1911.

² *Revue de l'Action Populaire*, April 10, 1911.

³ *Nouvelle Revue Théologique*, May, 1911, and *I.E.R.*, loc. cit.

that the Holy Father is willing to consider representations made by the Bishops in special circumstances and to grant such relaxations of the general law as will prevent it from hindering that legitimate social action of the clergy which the Holy See has so warmly commended.¹

Directions have also been given to the clergy by the Holy See as to the duty of giving the first place to spiritual ministrations, of subordinating social action to episcopal control, and of securing the approval of ecclesiastical superiors for all publications dealing with social questions.² These directions are minute and stringent. When taken together they might give the impression that the Holy See discourages, or at most tolerates, social activity by priests. Yet it must be noted that the very Popes who have multiplied safeguards are those who have most warmly encouraged the clergy to undertake social work, and that such encouragements are to be found in the very documents which contain the most strict regulations on the subject. It would appear that Leo XIII. and Pius X. were determined that no priest should be deterred from social action by any warnings as to the possibility of its abuse.

Thus, for instance, in the Encyclical on Christian Social Action, Pope Pius X., after warning the clergy against some of the dangers of social work, continues as follows:

Nor does this in any way diminish his zeal. The true apostle ought "to become all things to all men, to save all": like our Divine Redeemer, he ought to be moved with compassion, "seeing the multitudes distressed, lying like sheep that have no shepherd." Let then each one strive by the efficacious propaganda of the press, by the living exhortation of speech, by direct help in the above-mentioned cases, to ameliorate, within the limits of justice and charity, the economic condition of the people, supporting and promoting those institutions which conduce to this end, and those especially which aim at fortifying the multitude against the invasion of Socialism; thus to save them at once from economic ruin and from moral and religious destruction. In this way the co-operation of the clergy in the works of Catholic action has a deeply religious end: it will never become a hindrance, but will be a help to their spiritual ministry by enlarging its sphere and multiplying its fruits.

¹ See Vermeersch, *loc. cit.*

² See Leo XIII., *Rerum Novarum*, *Graves de Communi*, and the Letter to the French Clergy; Pius X., *Pascendi*, and the Letter to the Italian Bishops (1905), also the Special Instruction to the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, January 27, 1902.

Similarly in the *Docente Apostolo* the Pope not only exhorts but commands (*praecipit*) the clergy to assist in the formation and extension of the various kinds of banks with regard to which he has to warn them against financial responsibilities. The like encouragements will be found in his condemnation of the *Sillon*, whose errors had infected clergy and laity alike.

The qualities which should distinguish the social action of the priest have been admirably stated by Father Vermeersch,¹ whose main points are embodied in what follows.

I. The social action of the priest must be *subordinate* to his primary spiritual work of preaching and administering the Sacraments. With these it must not be allowed to interfere. This point, as we have seen, has been specially emphasized by Rome and need not be considered further.

II. The social action of the priest must be *pacific*. The priest by his office has unrivalled opportunities of acting as a peacemaker, of softening the asperities of social controversies, of diminishing the friction between capital and labour. These opportunities would be thrown away and grave scandal caused were he to foment class bitterness or to deliver unmeasured tirades against sections of the community or individuals. We may recall some wise words from the collective Letter of the Belgian Bishops issued in 1905:—

It is equally deplorable that some employers should be lacking in a true Christian spirit of justice and charity, and that some workmen should vindicate their rights by dangerous or illegitimate means. The priest has duties to all. If anyone goes astray it is the priest's business to instruct him,—but always with an unalterable sweetness. . . . Nevertheless this gentleness and moderation should not lead him to forget his mission of instructing all in their duties as Christians.

There is much to be said for the view that the pulpit should rarely if ever be employed for lectures or sermons on particular social or economic questions. The great dogmatic truths and moral laws underlying social questions may, of course, be suitably treated there: and, on occasion, grave warnings may be discreetly uttered against particular social dangers, especially those which (like intemperance) bear directly upon religious life. But when it is remembered how much the average congregation stands in need of instruction

¹ *Manuel Social*, vol. II, pp. 17—21.

in pure religious doctrine, it will be seen that the times available for sermons can ill be spared for discoursing on topics which contain so much debatable matter. Moreover, the priest, as it were, takes an unfair advantage of his people when he turns his sermon into a social lecture. The people have come to hear the Gospel, and they may listen with justifiable impatience to a dissertation on housing or the living wage. Not that these subjects are without their bearing on religion: but they are better treated in the parochial hall or guild-room, where they can be explained in more detail, and opportunities given for questions or discussion. The people who are likely to be interested in these matters can be gathered into a study club and enabled to get a thorough grasp of the subject. In a sermon there is a temptation to generalize when treating of social questions, or to make sweeping assertions which may cause ill feeling or at least perplexity among the members of the congregation. Thus, for instance, an indiscriminating denunciation of Socialism delivered to a congregation, many of whose members confuse Socialism with the legitimate claims and aspirations of labour, may have the effect of alienating the very men who, if otherwise approached, might become active workers on right lines. So, again, of vague denunciations of Capitalism which usually only serve to embitter both parties in labour disputes.

The priest has a most important and delicate work to do in the way of social pacification: but most of that work must be done outside the pulpit. The Belgian Bishops in the Letter already quoted, enumerate the points which the priest must endeavour to impress upon the employer and the workman respectively. He must persuade employers, managing directors, shareholders and the like to look to the moral conditions among which their men work: to give them every opportunity for performing their religious duties: to remove dangers to faith or morals: to select their foremen with the greatest circumspection: to encourage all healthy organization among their workers: to improve their material condition by making work more profitable, less painful and less dangerous. All this requires immense tact and patience: yet the influence which a priest is able to exert in this way is enormous. The scandal which an unjust or harsh Catholic employer may cause is incalculable. What priest who has had any long experience

of work in our large towns cannot tell of Catholic workmen who have become embittered and even abandoned the faith on account of the notorious injustice practised by his employer who worships in the front bench and is asked to open the parochial bazaar? How many non-Catholic working-men would be attracted to the Church if all Catholic employers lived up to the standard set for them by Leo XIII. Yet experience shows that the clergy can do much to set this great evil right. By patience and tact, in private conversation with employers who are members of their flock, they can often remedy an injustice which largely springs from ignorance. It often happens that a Catholic employer simply does not realize the amount of hardship he is causing nor the responsibilities which rest upon him as a Catholic. He can be got to take a personal and Christian interest in his men, and to take some trouble in ascertaining their point of view and considering their interests. He will be genuinely grateful afterwards to the priest who has widened his horizon, given him a new interest in life and shown him his great opportunity. A priest who does his duty in this matter will not be exposed to the imputation of having condoned with injustice for the sake of a substantial donation to his church or schools.

In this connection it may be pointed out that if a priest wishes to establish ideal relations between employers and workmen, he cannot do better than persuade both to make a retreat, if possible together. The matter is easily arranged and the effects are simply amazing. These retreats are the most powerful means of promoting social peace.¹

Similarly in dealing with the working classes the priest may do much to disabuse them of the violent generalizations about employers which they are apt to believe on the authority of labour agitators. He may get them to know at least something of the employer's point of view: and he may also get them to realize that, as Pope Leo XIII. has pointed out, the procuring of social reform requires sacrifices all round. It cannot be effected merely by coercing employers or passing Acts of Parliament. If an employer must pay a living wage, a workman must put in an honest day's work. Injustice is committed by wasting the time or materials of an employer. For much of the irritability displayed by some employers the

¹ See my *Retreats for the People*. Sands and Co.

men have only themselves to blame, since they show themselves utterly reckless of property which is not their own. The priest has an enormous field here in striving to promote feelings of mutual responsibility and Christian sympathy between capital and labour.

III. The social action of the priest must be *enlightened*. Not all priests can find time to make themselves experts in social science: but at least they may learn enough of the subject to avoid the more obvious pitfalls. Cardinal Goossens addressed his priests as follows:

You must initiate yourselves in the study of new problems and become instructed in a science which has hitherto had no place in the programme of scholastic education.¹

But enough has already been said about the clergy and social study in a previous article.² We will only add here that no priest should be deterred from starting a study-club by the consciousness that he is ignorant of social science. The tendency is natural enough. A priest may feel that he does not know enough about social subjects to act as a guide to others: that technical questions might arise which he would be unable to answer: that he has no definite notion how to plan out a course of social study for a class. He may be alive to the need and yet feel unequal to supplying it.

But it should be remembered that the priest is not asked to answer miscellaneous questions: he is only asked to guide the study of a group of men along definite lines already marked out for him. If he is a beginner himself, he may make a better study-club director than if he were an expert. He will appreciate the men's difficulties, get them to thresh out difficulties for themselves instead of asking random questions; above all he will keep them to the point. Moreover, the best way to learn a subject is to teach it to someone else.

The Catholic Social Guild is now able to give an amount of detailed help which makes the management of a study-club a very simple matter indeed. It is not even necessary for the priest to attend all its meetings, for courses are mapped out, books provided, points raised and questions answered by correspondence to any extent that may be desired. But of course the more interest the priest takes in a study-club the better.

¹ Allocution, April 23, 1894.

² THE MONTH, August, 1911.

IV. *Prudence* is obviously another requisite. Excellent schemes may be wrecked by forcing them too insistently upon those who are not yet ready for them. Sound social action must largely depend upon the social education of the community: and the furtherance of that education is necessarily a slow matter, demanding considerable tact, combined with humility and charity. The priest's mission in this matter is, as has been indicated, a very delicate one. He may have to deal with men who have had a large practical experience of subjects which he himself knows only from books, and who further may have imbibed strong class-prejudices which will only yield to patient treatment. The aim of the priest will be to encourage initiation in others and to allow the largest possible measure of freedom, while at the same time tactfully converting them from extreme positions which may have been taken up in all good faith. He will be ready to take the advice of experts and he will have something to learn from everyone. One cannot, for instance, direct a study-club of intelligent men (even though they be not experts) without learning a very great deal that is not to be found in books. Shrewd illustrations, apposite comparisons, pithy proverbial wisdom, details of daily work, side-lights on social questions—all these will be supplied in abundance when once the men have been encouraged to express themselves freely. But if the priest does all the talking himself will learn nothing and his audience very little.

There is special need for tact in dealing with young men. A priest will sometimes refuse them any opportunity of talking in public at all on the ground that they would be sure to talk nonsense. They must not have a debating club because they would be likely to air Socialistic views. Now it is quite true that a young man's tongue is apt to wag freely in the discussion of social questions, and that he has a weakness for tags picked up from newspapers and street orators. Such talk may indeed be silenced by a snub: but the result may be a sullen silence and an obstinate adherence to opinions which, if patiently examined, would give place to saner views. It is seldom wise to sit on the safety-valve.

There is a certain swelled-headedness which comes to many young men of active mind and enterprising disposition, and which must not be taken too seriously. It is the defect of a good quality: or, rather, it is a kind of intellectual

measles, through which a young man will pass without difficulty with a little careful treatment.

The danger is lest the parish priest fail to realize that the young man whom he knew as a boy is no longer a boy, but is going through a phase of hyper-sensitive self-consciousness. A year or two ago you might have pulled his ears and told him not to be a fool: and he would merely have grinned. Now he will redden at such treatment and the iron will enter his soul. He claims respect and probably, for all his *gaucherie*, he deserves it. The more rope that can be given him the better. Treat him as a boy and you may alienate him for ever. Treat him as a man and you will make him a loyal and energetic ally.

Of course, there may be in any group of men more obstinate cases to deal with than this. In the beginnings of a study-club, for instance, a frequent difficulty is the obstinate man with a fluent tongue and the dangerous "little knowledge," before whose torrents of demagogic speech the rest are apt to be mute. But this difficulty usually solves itself. As the club makes orderly progress, lesson by lesson, our friend Thersites begins to exhaust his stock-in-trade, and meanwhile the others are securing ammunition of their own with which they will find much pleasure in opening fire on him. Their dumb perplexity gives way to a reassuring confidence in the principles which they are now learning how to grasp and apply.

C. P.

Anglicanism in Plymouth.

AMONG the many interesting associations which were brought before the visitors to Plymouth for the Catholic Congress, there is one which I think has hardly received the attention to which it is entitled—I refer to its connection with the early history and subsequent growth of Anglicanism, in which "The Three Towns" have played so prominent a part. It is in the belief that the features of interest presented by the part played by Plymouth in the history of Anglicanism will interest a certain number of readers, that the following pages are penned.

That history, so far as it affected the position of Anglicanism in the country at large, is mainly connected with the Church of St. Peter and with George Rundle Prynne, its vicar for over sixty years. It has been told at length by Mr. A. Clifton Kelway, in a volume¹ which made its appearance two years after Prynne's death, and to it I am indebted for most of the information contained in this paper.

In 1847, a sense of the needs of the greatly increasing population of the Three Towns led to the creation of three new parishes. As a temporary centre for one of these—St. Peter's—an empty proprietary chapel—which had been built in 1830 by the admirers of a clergyman who resigned his curacy as a protest against Catholic Emancipation—was acquired. On the resignation of the first incumbent after six months' residence his place was filled by the Rev. George Rundle Prynne, who was appointed to the incumbency in August, 1848, by the Bishop of Exeter, Henry Philpotts, who at that period represented the High Church party on the episcopal bench. Prynne had then been in Anglican Orders for six years. He had made the acquaintance of Pusey five years before, and the latter, in 1847, invited him to join the staff of St. Saviour's, Leeds,² which had lately yielded

¹ *George Rundle Prynne: a Chapter in the Early History of the Catholic Revival*, Longmans, 1905.

² The history of the secessions to Rome which had previously taken place from this church is fully given in the late Mr. John Hungerford Pollen's *Five Years at St. Saviour's, Leeds*. See also the *Life of John Hungerford Pollen*, 1912.

its vicar and curates to the Catholic Church. Prynne, who in his Cornish curacies had already incurred criticism on account of his High Church views, declined this; it was with a full knowledge of these views that Bishop Philpotts appointed him to St. Peter's. The Bishop himself had aroused Protestant—which in those days meant general—opposition by his action in connection with the celebrated Gorham case, and by his direction that the clergy should retain when preaching the surplice in which they had conducted the service¹—a direction which had led to serious disturbances at St. Sidwell's, Exeter.² Prynne's adoption of the practice, with one or two others, such as chanting the psalms and the substitution of alms-bags for plates in the collection, led to violent attacks in the local press; with regard to the latter, the Bishop directed that it should be made known that he had expressed his disapproval of the practice. In a word, the opposition to Prynne at Plymouth was of the kind which was tried in most of the early centres of Anglicanism, notably, in 1850 at St. Barnabas', Pimlico, and later, in a more violent form, at St. George's-in-the-East. In every case—even at St. Barnabas', where the malcontents secured a temporary victory—the result was the triumph of Anglicanism.

At Plymouth, however, the Protestant flame had been further fed by the establishment at Devonport, almost synchronously with Prynne's arrival, of the Sisters of the Society of the Holy Trinity, under the leadership of Miss Lydia Sellon. The devoted work of the Sisters during the whole visitation of 1849—"perhaps," says Mr. Kelway, "the very earliest Sisterhood work in a parish of the Anglican Communion"—failed to disarm Protestant opposition. The consecration by Bishop Philpotts of St. Peter's in 1850, at which Pusey was present, afforded further opportunity for attacks in the press, which, it was anticipated, might take more forcible shape. Coming as it did immediately after the Bull announcing what was called "the Papal aggression," which

¹ The reason for this direction is thus stated in a letter to Prynne: "The changing of your dress twice (as it will be necessary for you to change it twice in order that you may perform the rest of the service) is offensive to any reasonable person, and has something in it really like Popish form, which the preaching in the surplice has not."

² It is a curious illustration of the changed attitude of Anglicanism that this practice, which was exceptional sixty years ago, has now become practically universal; while the use of the preaching-gown is now advocated by a certain section of High Churchmen.

had stirred English Protestantism to its depths, it is not to be wondered at that Plymouth Protestantism took alarm, stimulated as it was by other clergymen of the town. Charges of the usual kind had already been made against the Sisters, and had been dismissed by the Bishop after inquiry; but in 1852 these were renewed in a pamphlet which purported to be written from information supplied by a Sister who had seceded, and which culminated in an attack on the confessional, based as usual upon statements which could not be substantiated. Prynne, who had introduced on Ash-Wednesday, 1854, a daily celebration of Holy Communion, justified his action in an admirable letter; but the Bishop declined to recognize habitual Confession as a desirable thing. Meanwhile the clerical opposition to Prynne increased, and when, disregarding a memorial which had been addressed to him, the Bishop held a Confirmation at St. Peter's,

the protesting clergy withheld their candidates, and their supporters surrounded the church with a howling mob, threatening the Bishop and the Vicar with personal assault, and smashing the windows of Prynne's house while his Diocesan was resting there. On returning from the church, stones were thrown at the Bishop, and the clergy surrounded him in order to protect him while crossing the square. Loud cries were raised by the mob, demanding that Prynne should be hung to an adjacent lamp-post.

This demonstration, lamentable as it was, in reality strengthened Prynne's hands. It produced, as one of the local papers prophesied it would, "a reaction in the minds of all moderate and candid persons," who were disgusted at the indecent extremes to which the Protestant party had had recourse. It is indeed remarkable that even at the present day, when the advance of Anglicanism is evidenced by the fact that what was regarded as "Popish" sixty years ago¹ has become the ordinary standard of Anglican worship, tactics similar in character and equally futile should be pursued by the Protestant party.

The action of Bishop Philpotts in supporting Prynne contrasts favourably with that of the Bishop of London (Blomfield) two years later when, in compliance with popular

¹ I have treated this subject somewhat fully in an article, "Anglicanism Sixty Years ago," in the *Dublin Review* for April, 1911.

clamour, he drove Bennett from St. Barnabas', Pimlico. It is all the more remarkable because he was practically alone in his attitude towards the High Churchmen; "it is fearful to think," said Neale, "what the result might have been in any other diocese than Exeter" of attacks such as those to which Prynne was subjected.

From this time forward the record of Prynne's work is one of steady progress in every direction. There were of course trials; his estrangement from Miss Sellon led to a cessation of his friendly relations with Pusey, and the East Grinstead Sisters, who had undertaken work in his parish in 1867, were compelled to abandon it "in consequence of the reduction of the little community by the secession of so many of its members, including the Mother Superior of St. Mary's Priory"; their place was taken by members of the Wantage community, who have worked at St. Peter's ever since. His sense of the need for a house of refuge for fallen women was a prominent factor in the establishment of a House of Mercy at Bovey Tracey. In 1862 Prynne built a mission chapel in the poorer part of the parish, and through his representations a new parish, rendered necessary by the increase of population, was formed, and the church dedicated to All Saints'. He had already done much to provide Church Schools; his interest in the spiritual welfare of the children under his care led to the formation of the Guild of St. Agnes (for girls) in 1868; this was shortly followed by that of St. Peter (for boys), and had been preceded in 1861 by the Society of the Love of Jesus, which is the oldest existing Guild in the Church of England. He was also a pioneer in the establishment of parochial missions; one of the earliest of these took place in 1865, and was conducted by Mr. Maconochie and Mr. (afterwards Canon) Akers.

In 1882 the beautiful new church of St. Peter, of which one of Prynne's sons was the architect, was consecrated by Dr. Temple, then Bishop of Exeter. The service was notable for the fact that, while anxious to fall in as far as possible with Prynne's views, the Bishop celebrated at the north side of the altar, and also because he gave a formal dispensation from the observance of the Vigil of the Purification, on which day the consecration took place.¹

¹ This I take to be one of the earliest instances of the exercise of the dispensing power by an Anglican Bishop; it may be noted that in the Book of Common Prayer no distinction is drawn between "Vigils, Fasts, and Days of Abstinence."

From this time until Prynne's death, the history of St. Peter's seems to have been uneventful. The full ritual accompaniments of the services went on uninterruptedly, save for a brief period during which, in response to a personal appeal from his Bishop, based upon the Lincoln judgment, Prynne abandoned the use of incense and of processional lights. This led to the resignation of his curate, the Rev. H. H. Leeper, and to a memorial to the Bishop from the communicants of St. Peter's, protesting against the episcopal direction. On the resignation of Bishop Bickersteth in 1901, the use of incense and processional lights was resumed, and the public reservation of the eucharistic elements was instituted; all however were abandoned, so far as the Prayer Book services were concerned, by Prynne's successor on his appointment in 1903, as a result of the ruling of the then Bishop.

In 1898 Prynne, in failing health, kept the jubilee of his appointment to St. Peter's; in March, 1903, he died.

He had seen many so-called "crises" during his sixty years' ministry. Baptismal Registration, the Real Presence, the Sacrament of Penance, the use of Eucharistic vestments—these were some of the principal objects of attack during his life, and each in turn had only emerged the stronger for the assaults made upon it.

With all this, however, Prynne was always strongly anti-Roman, nor, according to his biographer, was he ever attracted to the Catholic Church. Although he fully recognized the position of the Church in the scheme of salvation, he regarded the claim of the Church of England to be a portion of the Church as beyond dispute. In a little volume entitled *Treachery*, published in 1899, he laid down views with regard to the obedience due to Bishops which would certainly not have been accepted by many of his fellow Anglicans, even in Plymouth itself. Not only was he averse from the introduction of Roman devotions, but he emphatically denounced as an act of schism attendance at Catholic services in England. This strongly anti-Roman attitude is, I believe, maintained by his successor, who, I am informed, publicly protested against the holding of the Congress at Plymouth as an act of aggression. Thus even among the advanced Anglican party we may note that absence of unity in teaching which characterizes the Establishment to which they belong.

A very different spirit prevailed at All Saints', to which Charles Rose Chase, who had been curate at the advanced Anglican Church of All Saints', Clifton, was appointed in 1878, four years after its consecration. Of his work there and of Chase himself a full account¹ has been provided by one of his quondam curates, who preceded him into the Church, and into the priesthood; and from this are gleaned the few particulars which space here will allow. Immediately on his appointment he furnished his church with Confessionals, Statues of the Saints, and the Stations of the Cross; a "Lady Altar," with reservation thereat, followed. Daily Eucharists with Sunday "High Mass" were instituted; "at All Saints'," to quote Chase's own words to Bishop Temple, "we have everything," and "all Roman doctrine excepting Papal Supremacy and Infallibility." Temple's toleration was doubtless the result of a knowledge of the admirable work Chase was doing among the poor: it is said that a clergyman who attempted to justify his ritual extravagances by a reference to St. Alban's, Holborn, was told by Temple, then Bishop of London: "They have the kernel, you have only the husk." What has been called "the Plymouth School," which now represents the advanced Anglican position, was practically founded by Chase: discarding the insular notion of "a national Church," he maintained that, having a hierarchy with valid orders and Sacraments, and being thus part of the Catholic Church, the Church of England was "bound by all the doctrines and religious observances common to Rome and the Orthodox East." "Hence," continues Mr. Russell, expounding the views which in common with Chase he at one time himself held,

for the Anglican Episcopate to sit in judgment upon any doctrine or practice that had obtained the *imprimatur* of "Catholic consent" would be to act *ultra vires*, and any such proceeding would in consequence have to be regarded as null and void *ab initio*.

For a full development of this thesis reference must be made to Mr. Russell's book: it is hardly necessary to point out how fundamentally it differs from the attitude of the Oxford School in its relation to the Bishops. Nor is it necessary

¹ *From Hussar to Priest: Memoir of Charles Rose Chase.* By Henry Patrick Russell. Kegan Paul, 1913.

to do more than quote, as summing up the inherent weakness of the Anglican position, however advanced, the answer of a Plymouth Catholic who was asked the difference between the services at All Saints' and the Cathedral: "We obey the Vicar of Christ; Mr. Chase obeys himself."

In his ritual observances Chase followed the Roman rite—the Lincoln judgment was not recognized at All Saints'; he recited the *Hore Diurnæ* of the Roman Breviary in addition to the Anglican offices, and celebrated the Eucharist daily; he had a special devotion to our Lady, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Rose, and St. Philip Neri; the "Children's Mass" with hymns was a special feature at All Saints'. The month of Mary was observed, and the cultus of the Sacred Heart during June—"with the exception of the supremacy of the Pope there was no Romish doctrine or practice that Mr. Chase did not introduce." With all this he was, as has been said, a devoted worker for the poor, among whom he lived, and in temporal ministrations his charity was unbounded. Such devotion has always been a characteristic feature of the work of advanced Anglicans in our large towns. It is even now sometimes supposed that the term "ritualistic" adequately describes those whose worship is accompanied by external observances to which they are supposed to attach undue importance. To this misconception the lives of such men as Lowder, Maconochie, Stanton, Dolling, and numerous others, easy to name, is sufficient answer; and the same answer is writ large in the biographies of George Rundle Prynne and Charles Rose Chase.

How it was that Chase did not earlier perceive the necessity of recognizing the claims of the Papacy is, as in the cases of so many excellent men who died without perceiving them, a mystery which cannot be explained by an accusation of bad faith. Anti-papalism, he said after his conversion, "is after all the only logical and consistent attitude for an Anglican"; and the growing recognition of Papal claims must, one feels, result in the abandonment of that attitude. In a letter written in 1904, just before his reception into the Church, Chase says that he had made up his mind to become a Catholic twenty-five years before, but afterwards reversed his decision. It may be noted that besides Mr. Russell, whose secession did not take place until he had left All Saints' and had become rector of St. Stephen's, Devonport, Father Drage and the late Father Theed were at one time curates at this church.

With the devoted life of Father Chase as a Catholic this paper is not concerned; it will be found in the volume already cited. The church of which he was vicar for twenty years seems to have in no way modified its teaching: the description of its services in 1906, given in the Report of the Ritual Commission, includes an account of a Mass, with the proper from "the Roman Book" said on the Feast of the Espousals of our Lady—a feast which it is needless to say is not recognized in the Book of Common Prayer.

Two other Plymouth churches of similar character may be briefly referred to. At St. Stephen's, Devonport, of which, as has been said, Mr. H. P. Russell was vicar when he became a Catholic, certain modifications as to reservation and the use of incense seem to have been adopted in accordance with the Bishop's directions, but the character of the eucharistic service, judging from the report published in the Report of the Ritual Commission, does not materially differ from that of other advanced churches.

The present Church of St. James-the-Less, which was begun in 1860 and completed except for the tower, in 1884, is remarkable not only on account of its advanced Anglicanism but for the exceeding beauty and dignity of its fittings. Besides the high altar, there is a Lady Chapel and a chapel of the Precious Blood: the tabernacle is an aumbry in the wall of the former, protected by a "beautiful and delicate wrought-iron grille put up at the request of Dr. Ryle, then Bishop of Exeter, to safeguard the Blessed Sacrament." The decorations include a hanging rood, various beautiful crucifixes and candlesticks, a chancel screen and some good stained-glass windows; the excellent history of the church contains illustrations of many of these, as well as one of a handsome paschal candlestick. From its text we learn that eucharistic vestments were worn in 1873; incense was introduced at the Eucharist in 1884 and at the *Magnificat* in 1885, and the image of Our Lady and the Holy Child in the latter year; the Stations of the Cross were added in 1907; the eucharistic and other vestments, judging from the description, must be remarkable for their number and beauty. The times at which confessions are heard are announced on the notice-board facing the street—a noteworthy fact in view of the early opposition to Prynne to which reference has been made; mortuary cards appear on a board at the end of the church; there is in fact nothing in its outward appearance to differentiate

St. James's from a Catholic church. The Report of the Ritual Commission describes a Requiem Mass held there. With the exception of the temporary withdrawal of a curate in 1907 by the Bishop, "to mark his displeasure of the vicar's unwavering adherence to the Catholic doctrine and practices which have always been upheld at St. James's Church," and of a visit from Kensitite rowdies in 1908, nothing seems to have occurred to interfere with the very advanced Anglicanism of the parish. St. James's has paid tribute to Rome in the person of the late Mr. H. S. Wilcocks, its vicar from 1872 to 1875, and of Monsignor Gandy, at one time a curate there. Father Vernon Russell was for a short time associated with it, and the wife of Mr. Childs, who resigned the living in 1898, is also a Catholic. It was at this church, unless I am misinformed, as well as in its parish magazine for July, that kindly reference was made to the Congress on the Sunday during its visit.

This brief summary of the position of Anglicanism in Plymouth would not be complete without some reference to the change which has taken place not only in the Church of England but in public opinion generally, not only with regard to Anglicanism but as to Catholicism—a change indeed abundantly manifest also throughout the country. It has been already noted that the building which was the cradle of the High Church movement in Plymouth was originally established for a clergyman who had resigned his curacy as a protest against the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1829; and the opposition to Prynne was greatly fomented by the Protestant indignation against the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in 1850. In the early days of the High Church movement the attack upon the party was countenanced, if not actually led, by clergy of the same Church to which the party, then in the smallest of small minorities, belonged: thus the attack on Prynne was organized by the Vicar of St. Andrew's, who was supported by the incumbent of St. Mary's, Devonport, and other Church of England clergy.

The balance of parties has now so entirely changed that it would be difficult to find a Church of England clergyman who would take up such a position; and, so far as the impression received by a visitor to the Congress is to be trusted, aggressive Protestantism of any kind is absent from the three towns. This of course does not mean that Protestantism is absent: Dissent is strong (but the Bishop testified to the

friendly spirit which existed between the Nonconformists and himself), and the Parish Church of Plymouth (St. Andrew's) is as "Low Church" in its internal appearance as an ardent Protestant could require.

The cordiality of the welcome to the Congress by the Mayor at its opening meeting, and the granting of the Guildhall by the Corporation for the public gatherings, including the reception at its conclusion, also given by the Mayor, were sufficient to show that the old bigotry and misunderstanding had passed away, and that such aggressive Protestantism as existed found no encouragement among the respectable inhabitants, and was indeed largely imported for the occasion.

The importation was largely arranged by the notorious Mr. Kensit, who, true to the business instincts which have already formed the subject of comment in these pages,¹ saw in the Congress an opportunity for advertisement. The attempt to interrupt the Cardinal's procession from the station to the Cathedral by the thrusting before him banners requesting him to "Remember the Pope-blessed Armada," conveying the information that "the Pope's Armada brought," among other things, "the Iron Virgin," and stating that "Plymouth will not bend to the Pope," might easily have led to a riot, as doubtless the demonstrators intended it should; but the banners were captured, the interruption produced no effect, and the procession proceeded in peace. The meetings in the Guildhall, which was hired for the day after the Congress, although placarded all over the town, failed to attract attention. The principal newspaper, *The Western Morning News*, entirely ignored them, and the account given by another paper was far from sympathetic. To the credit of Plymouth, not a single minister of religion could be found to grace the platform either at the afternoon or evening meeting; the speakers were almost entirely imported, and included Mr. Kensit, from London, Baron Porcelli (who took the chair and spoke for an hour and had to be stamped down), a gentleman from Liverpool, unknown to fame, a lady from Edinburgh, and another, who, although not an "escaped nun," was announced as having been in a convent—an experience which most of us can claim. The meeting was declared by Mr. Kensit in the resolution which he proposed, but forgot to put to the vote, to be "representative of the

¹ See "The Daughters of the Horse-leech," *THE MONTH*, September, 1910.

Three Towns"! No more impressive contrast could be imagined than that presented by the meetings of the Congress, supported as they were by the leading representatives of the Church in this land, and those announced by Mr. Kensit as "Plymouth's Reply," in which not even an imported minister of any denomination could be induced to take part.¹ When, in addition to this, the tone of the papers read at the Congress, in which the only attitude of Catholics towards outsiders was one of friendliness, is contrasted with that of the Kensit meetings, at which the sole topic was abuse of the largest body of Christians and of which the chief result seems to be an appeal for increased funds, it is not easy to believe that the contrast will be without its effect even on the misguided and credulous folk from whose pockets these funds are chiefly drawn.

JAMES BRITTEN.

¹ Those who feel justified in spending a penny upon it, will find Mr. Kensit's *Churchman's Magazine* for August—it must not be forgotten that Mr. Kensit belongs to the Establishment—amusing reading.

Mr. Shelley's Roses.

MR. SHELLEY was a good gardener and a good father, a good Catholic and a good man: he loved his garden and his children well, his religion better, and the Founder of it best of all. At least, had he been asked, that is the order in which he would have ranked his affections, but love we know is blind, the human heart deceitful, and these observations trite and commonplace.

Mr. Shelley, however, had nothing to do with the commonplace, he was a mystic, and the mystical temperament may be many things, but it is certainly not commonplace. It is probably more common than is usually supposed, for this reason, that many who are endowed with it are incapable of expressing their experimental knowledge of it in words, far less in writing. Mr. Shelley, although an educated man, lacked this power of clothing in words his spiritual experiences, and would never have dreamt of attempting to chronicle them in black and white.

He led a very simple life: he went to daily Mass and always remained to make his morning meditation, or, to be accurate, his mental prayer, before he returned home to breakfast with his only daughter and youngest child, for his three sons were all out in the world and no longer lived at home. One was a soldier in India, the second son was a sailor, and the third a priest.

After breakfast the remainder of his day was spent chiefly in gardening and reading, and a walk or a drive as recreation with his daughter.

And frequently as he worked in his garden or greenhouse there would come to him that confused but unmistakable sense of the Divine Presence which is lighter than the lightest touch, and yet is something quite different from what is commonly known as the practice of the Presence of God. And then without stopping in his raking or potting or grafting or digging, he would make an interior act of love and

continue his work. It came oftener when he was gardening than at other times, perhaps because he was usually alone then and his mind less occupied than when reading or talking. He had discovered that nothing he could do could bring that mysterious Presence. It was independent of his will: It was not responsive to his desires: It came and went when and where It listed; but there was another thing he had discovered, and that was that Its frequency depended upon the state of his conscience, the purer that was the more frequent were these visitations. The strength of the sensation also varied as did Its duration: sometimes It was very weak, scarcely perceptible, at other times It was so overpoweringly strong that he scarcely knew how to bear the sweetness It brought. Usually It lasted only a few minutes, but there had been periods in his life when for three weeks he had hardly ceased to be conscious of It, during his waking hours. One of these periods had occurred soon after he lost his wife, to whom he was devoted, and whose death had been the greatest sorrow he had ever known. Its comings and goings were always sudden, and nothing that he could do could prolong Its stay. When the sense of this Presence was very strong, he felt that nothing on earth could compare with the joy it brought; all other things, riches, affections, honour, success, were as dross in comparison with It. There was nothing which, if demanded of him, that he would not willingly sacrifice to It. So he thought. So others have thought with the same result.

Of all his flowers he loved his roses the best, and to these he devoted the most attention, but the Rose of all his roses was his daughter, though she was laughingly wont to say that she had a rival when he was cultivating a new rose, and her rival in the year with which we are concerned was a glorious red rose called the Cardinal, which Mr. Shelley had raised himself with infinite care in one of his houses. It was a very late flowering rose, and this first year he had only allowed it to bear one flower, the shape and colour of which were almost perfect from the gardener's point of view.

It was a cup-shaped rose of an exquisite shade of crimson, and it was almost fully open on the first Saturday in October. Now Rose Shelley worshipped her father, whose only fault in her eyes was, that he did not like cutting his flowers, and especially his roses, so freely as she wished, even for the church. And Mr. Shelley, who tenderly loved his pretty

daughter, thought her only fault was that she was too fond of cutting his flowers, although she always asked his permission first, and more frequently wanted them for our Lady or the altar than for herself or the house.¹

On this Saturday morning, as Mr. Shelley was admiring the Cardinal, Rose came into the greenhouse and exclaimed:

"Oh father! what a lovely rose and what an exquisite colour, and it is just out in time for to-morrow, Rosary Sunday: it would look lovely on the throne."

"No, my dear child, no; you must be content to do without a Cardinal, even on Rosary Sunday, but you may gather whatever else you like," said Mr. Shelley in alarm, lest Rose should press her suggestion into a request.

But she did not do so, and her father forgot the matter till the afternoon, when on going into the church to make his daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament he was reminded of it. Rose was in the habit of arranging the flowers for the altars, and she was in the church that afternoon when her father came in. The first thing that caught his eye was a vase standing on the top of the altar-rails waiting for the priest to put it on the throne, and it contained two exquisite Cardinal roses. Mr. Shelley could hardly believe his eyes, for he knew there was only one other person in the village beside himself who had a Cardinal, and that was a nurseryman and a Protestant. He examined the roses carefully, and was obliged to confess that they were finer specimens than his own, and he was wondering how Rose obtained them, when she came up to him and whispered:

"Aren't they lovely, father? Jenkins gave them to me, and said he was very glad to do so, as I wanted them for the church."

Mr. Shelley whispered an assent, and then knelt down and hid his diminished head in his hands, feeling very much ashamed to think that he had refused to cut his Cardinal, and oh! bitter reflection, a Protestant had given his two specimens with pleasure to the church. And before he got up came the certain knowledge that he was less detached than he had thought himself to be, which was a humiliating if a salutary experience.

Presently he rose and went slowly back to his home and, cutting the rose he had that morning refused to gather, he crushed its tender petals under his foot and then went for his usual walk alone.

The autumn glory of the woods was at its height, the golden crowns of the elms contrasted finely with the vivid green of their remaining foliage, the beeches were clad in pale yellow and russet brown, and every shade of red and gold and green and brown decked the dying leaves of the other trees, whose mast and fallen foliage carpeted the ground. The blood-red leaves of the maples touched the yellow ones of their neighbours with charming effect. Even the hedges had put on all their jewellery of coral berries, diversified here and there with wreaths of old man's beard, and the lovely pink fruit of the spindle-trees. It seemed as if all Nature were trying to persuade sinful men how beautiful a thing Death can be.

And as was his wont Mr. Shelley from time to time offered silently all this glory and the beauty of this colour-feast to the Creator of it all. But to-day came the thought, "I am offering that which costs me nothing, I would not offer my Cardinal."

But an opportunity was advancing to meet him of offering a dearer Rose than the Cardinal, for that evening as they sat together after dinner, Rose took a footstool, and sitting at her father's feet so that he could not see her face, said suddenly:

"Father, will you spare me? John Dacre has asked me to be his wife."

Mr. Shelley did not immediately answer his daughter; he was thinking and saying in his heart: "It serves me right, dear Lord, I refused you a trumpery flower, and you have asked me for the apple of my eye."

Rose sat very quiet stroking her father's hand, and laying her soft cheek against it, and presently he felt a hot tear fall upon it, and then he took her face between his hands and, raising it to him, said:

"And what did you say to John Dacre?"

"I said yes, if you would consent."

"And I should be a more selfish old curmudgeon than I am, if I refused. God bless you, my darling, I know no one to whom I would rather give you than Dacre."

And Rose thought to herself, "I verily believe he would have minded cutting the Cardinal more than parting with me."

But Rose was wrong. Her father felt deeply losing her, more keenly than she will believe to be possible until she is

herself a mother, for the love of parents for their offspring exceeds the love of their children for them.

And it was not only nor indeed chiefly to John Dacre that he was giving her, or the sacrifice would have lost half its sweetest savour. It was to God that one May morning he gave away the Rose of all his roses, and He only knew what it cost the lonely father, and certainly no one else guessed, for he was the soul of the wedding-party, and apparently the happiest and proudest of fathers.

And not until all the wedding-guests were gone and he went to the church to pay his daily visit, and knelt at the altars where Rose had knelt that morning, did he break down as he thought of all that he had lost, and of the lonely years in front of him. But before he rose there came suddenly as it were One leaping on the mountains of trouble and sorrow, skipping over the hills of daily cares and difficulties, bringing the overpowering sense of that Divine and mysterious touch which made earth Heaven, and presently he went home with the Everlasting Arms around him, and if sometimes in the following weeks and months he was lonely, yet he was never alone.

His eldest son was in India with his regiment, and had lost his wife a year or two before Rose married, and about a year after her marriage Mr. Shelley had a letter from him one morning, saying that he was going to be married again, and asking if his father would care to have the charge of his two little girls by his first wife, as he was sending them to England to be educated. If Mr. Shelley did not wish for such a responsibility, as Rose was no longer at home to share it with him, would he look out for a suitable home for them, as already the climate was affecting their health.

Mr. Shelley was delighted at the prospect, and telegraphed that he should be only too glad to have the children, and a month later he went to Southampton to meet them. When the tender took him to the liner, as he stepped on deck, two tiny mites of four and five broke from their ayah, and to his delight recognized him from his likeness to their father, and hailed him as granddad and lifted up their pale little faces, framed in a halo of golden curls, to be kissed, and one remarked in very indifferent English: "I is Molly and this am Vera."

And Mr. Shelley recognized that he would no longer be his own master, but the devoted slave of two motherless little

tyrants, who talked Hindustani far better than they did English.

Before they had been many months in England the pale little faces had become as pink as some of their grandfather's roses, which, by the way, they gathered as their own sweet will prompted them, which was often and indiscriminately: their ayah had gone back to India, and their own linguistic powers were daily becoming more and more limited to English, and they had developed in their grandfather a latent talent which he was unaware that he possessed. Every evening when they came to the library to spend an hour before his dinner with him, they climbed up one on each of his knees, and demanded a story to be told them, and Mr. Shelley had to relate in due sequence the tragic tale of the *Babes in the Wood*, the thrilling story of *Little Riding Hood* and the romantic adventures of *Cinderella*.

Finding the repetition of these romances somewhat monotonous, Mr. Shelley took to improvising stories which, however, did not always get well reviewed by his audience, who were nothing if not critical. One evening he proposed to tell them a story about his roses, and after expressing a hope that it would be interesting, touched with considerable doubt that it might not come up to their requirements, they settled themselves to listen.

"There was once a gardener whose Master gave him a beautiful garden to take care of, and he worked very hard in it and grew so fond of his flowers, especially of his roses, that he could not bear to cut them even for his Master. And the most beautiful of all his roses had lived in his garden for over twenty years, and he loved it far more than all his other flowers put together, and another of his roses he was also very fond of, for it was rare and he had raised it himself, and one day he heard that his Master wanted him to cut it for His table, and the gardener would not, but pretended that he did not know the Master wanted it. And the Master said, 'Very well, you would not give me your new rose, though the garden and all the flowers in it are mine, so I shall take away the Queen of all your roses,' and He did. And the gardener was so sorry that he had refused to cut the new rose, that he willingly cut the Queen of them all for Him. But the Master was so kind and thoughtful and, knowing how much the gardener missed the Queen of his roses, He one day gave the gardener two young and very tender little rose-trees, and told

him to take care of them and train them and prune them and watch over them till they grew up, and to be sure not to get too fond of them, or they would have to be transplanted."

"What does that mean?" said Molly.

"Moved to another place."

"Oh. Well, I can tell you somefing. I know who the gardener is, and the Queen of the roses and the little rose-trees, too."

"So do I. Granddad is the gardener, and Aunt Rose is the Queen, and Molly and I are the little rose-trees," said Vera.

"And we are not going to be transplanted, so there," said Molly.

"And I fink it was a very stupid story," said Vera.

And so perhaps it is.

DARLEY DALE.

The Missions of India.

THE best estimates of the population of the world place the present numbers of the human race at about 1,500 millions. A very complete census of India and reliable estimates of the population of China show that in these two regions there are nearly 600 millions of human beings. In other words more than a third of the human race is concentrated in these two countries. Both are beyond the bounds of Christendom. It follows therefore that India and China are the two great mission fields of the Catholic Church, whose Divine commission it is "to teach all nations."

In a recent article I have said something of the state of Catholicity in China,¹ and I have been asked to attempt a similar survey of the Catholic Missions of India.

The Indian Empire includes Burma, but the great island of Ceylon, though it belongs geographically and historically to the Indian region, is a Crown Colony under a separate administration, and therefore is not included in the Indian Census. But from the point of view of the Catholic Missionary, as well as in the popular mind, it belongs to India. It is therefore included in this general survey of the Indian Mission field.

The history of Catholicity in India goes back to Apostolic times. In the Bull *Humanæ salutis auctor* (September 1, 1886) which decreed the establishment of the hierarchy in India, Leo XIII. alluded to the mission of St. Thomas as a tradition dating from the early ages of the Church. Since then Oriental research has added largely to the evidence of its historical character.² To this day the Catholics of India

¹ Article on *The Missions of China*, THE MONTH, June, 1913, since republished as a pamphlet by the Catholic Truth Society.

² A masterly summary of this evidence will be found in the work of Father Joseph Dahlmann, S.J., *Die Thomas-Legende und die ältesten historischen Beziehungen des Christentums zum fernen Osten im Lichte der indischen Altertumskunde* (Freiburg-im-Breisgau, 1912). The work is based upon a paper on the subject read by Father Dahlmann at a meeting of the Oriental Society of Japan held at the British Embassy at Tokio.

invoke St. Thomas as their patron, and as far as we go back in the history of Indian Christianity we find traces of this devotion. But it is not surprising that we know nothing of the story of the Christians of India for some centuries after the Apostolic age. The one branch of Indian literature that is all but absolutely barren up to the late period of the Mohammedan invasion is history. It is a difficult matter to reconstruct even the story of the great native kingdoms. It is no wonder then that we have no records of the Christians of the first centuries. We have however some indirect evidence as to the existence of Christianity in Southern India at an early date in the undoubted fact that, even before the close of the classical period of Sanskrit literature, there are traces of Christian influence on Hindu legend, especially in connection with the Vaishnavite sects of the south. Further, we know that from a very early period there have existed on the Malabar coast Christian communities using—as they still do—the Syriac liturgy. This shows the dependence of the early Church of India on the Eastern Church, but even when the whole East was in communion with Rome communication between India and the countries of the Mediterranean was slow and difficult. Towards the close of the fifth century Nestorianism spread to India, and gradually the Church of St. Thomas became what the Church of Abyssinia is even at the present day—a Christian community severed from the centre of unity, and more and more influenced by superstitions that filtered into its life from surrounding paganism. When the first missionaries arrived from the West in the sixteenth century they found the scattered communities of the Malabar Christians in a wretched state of degradation and disorganization.

A new era began with that wonderful opening out of the world to western enterprise that marked the period of the great navigators of Spain and Portugal. To the latter country fell the opening up of the Far East. In the new evangelization of India the Franciscans of Portugal were the pioneers. The first band of missionaries reached India in 1500, and before the year had closed Father Peter de Covilhao, the protomartyr of the later Indian missions, was put to death while preaching the faith.

To Portugal—now alas so sadly fallen—belongs the high honour of having organized the work of the Indian missions as a first concern of the kingdom in its relations with

the East. It was at the request of the King of Portugal that St. Francis Xavier was sent to India in 1540, and for many a year after that date every fleet that sailed from Lisbon for the East conveyed a band of missionaries, many of whom had been educated at the royal expense in the universities of Coimbra and Evora. In acknowledgment of this practical zeal for the missions the Holy See conferred on the Portuguese crown wide-reaching rights of patronage over the new churches of the Far East, Paul III. established the Archiepiscopal see of Goa (1534) with the dignity of a Patriarchate, and later the sees of Cochin, Cranganore and Meliapore were established as Portuguese influence extended to new territories. During the few years that he laboured in India before going on to new conquests in Japan St. Francis Xavier did a work that has in great part endured to this day. He completed the conversion of the Paravas of the Fishery Coast, founded the Christianity of Ceylon, and made crowds of converts in the states of Cochin and Travancore. To this day the lands where he laboured are among those where the largest number of native Christians are to be found.

There is no other name so great as that of Xavier in the records of Catholicity in India, but amongst his Jesuit successors there were many whose story is too little known amongst us. Robert de'Nobili made the first converts among the Brahmans of Madura. He was the first European to discover the Sanskrit language and literature, and to read the hitherto unknown sacred books of Hinduism. His successor, De Britto, after making thousands of converts, was martyred in the Marava country. Later still the Jesuit Beschi wrote the *Tembuvani*, one of the three classical poems of Southern India. Another Jesuit, Andrada, passed the Himalayas and revealed to Europe the unknown land of Tibet. Rudolph Aquaviva, afterwards martyred at Salsette, disputed with the Mollahs before the Emperor Akbar.¹ Nor were the other missionary orders without their share in this new Indian harvest of souls. Franciscans, Barnabites, Carmelites, each had their field of fruitful labour. To the Carmelites was due the return of the old Syrian Christian communities of Malabar

¹ He was the "Christian priest Redif" named in the story of Akbar's life, the *Akbar-namah*—as a friend of the great Sultan, and the representative of Christianity in the public disputations between teachers of various religions held at his Court. Hunter (*The India Empire*, 1st edition, p. 239) says that the native writer, in his record of the disputation, "gives him the best of the argument."

to Catholic unity and their renunciation of the errors of Nestorius. To this day the "Whitefriars" are the missionaries of Cochin and Travancore, the districts where the Christians of the Syrian rite are most numerous. They gave the Church of India great scholars as well as successful missionaries. It was a Carmelite—Paolino de San Bartolomeo—who wrote the first Sanskrit grammar in a European language, a work based on the native classical grammar of Panini.

It is no wonder that with such labourers in the field, so many successes won, there were hopes of a speedy conversion of India. But these bright hopes were doomed to disappointment. The eighteenth century, one of the darkest periods in the history of the Church, a time of widespread apostasy, coldness of faith and laxity of practice in so many countries, with its tale of persecution and trial for the Church, was a period of woeful decline for the missions of India. The power of Portugal (was already on the wane, Holland was taking the lead in maritime enterprise in the Far East, and where the Dutch obtained a footing the missionaries were expelled and the native Catholics cruelly persecuted.

Then an unworthy successor of the King who had sent Xavier to India suppressed the Society of Jesus throughout the Portuguese dominions. With the warfare against the Church in Europe, that culminated in the outbreak of the great Revolution in the closing years of the century, the supply of missionaries was almost entirely cut off. Wars in India and the persecuting policy of native princes completed the destruction of the missions and the faith disappeared from whole provinces. Tippoo Sahib, the Sultan of Mysore, during the years when he was the master of Southern India, adopted a policy of breaking up the Christian communities, deporting the people in isolated groups to pagan districts, and forcibly repressing all Catholic worship. Left without priests, the people baptized their children and met for prayers at times, but the life of an Indian generation is comparatively short, and soon in wide regions the knowledge of Catholicity was a waning tradition of the past. At Goa a considerable number of native and half-caste Catholics were kept together under the Portuguese secular clergy, but with a low standard of education and practice. The Syrian Rite Christians of Travancore and Cochin were ministered to by a few Carmelites and native priests. The fisher folk of the Parava district,

descendants of St. Francis Xavier's converts, also held fast to the faith. In the Madura district there was another large group of Christian families, but here in the first years of the nineteenth century, Protestant missionaries formed the nucleus of the English church of Tinnevely and Ramnad out of groups of villagers who were the descendants of Catholics, but had lost all but a vague knowledge of the faith.

In India, as in China, only the wreckage of once prosperous missions remained when at last in 1836 Gregory XVI. took in hand the reorganization of the missions of the Far East, erected a number of Apostolic Vicariates, and sent the first band of Jesuit missionaries to their old field of labour in the Madura district. But then there began a time of new trials and difficulties. The Portuguese Government protested that the establishment of the new Vicariates and the sending of bishops and missionaries to India without her co-operation and direction was a violation of the *Padroado*—the old right of patronage granted by the Holy See to the Portuguese kings. It was in vain that it was pointed out that these privileges had been granted when Portugal was not only the dominant European power in India, but also ready to undertake in return the education of priests for the missions, their transit to the East, and the support of the mission establishments. The Patriarch of Goa put himself at the head of a schism in India. He declared that the Vicars Apostolic were intruders, and in order to prevent them from taking possession of old mission churches, long abandoned, he ordained as priests numbers of Goanese young men who were deficient alike in moral training and theological learning. In many places violent attacks were organized against the new missions. In others vexatious law-suits were begun against the missionaries in the Indian courts. It was not till 1857 that the first step towards ending the schism was made by a Convention concluded between the Holy See and the Portuguese Government. But even after this date there were local troubles arising from the divided jurisdiction that placed some of the Catholics under the jurisdiction of the Goanese Patriarchate and the rest under the Vicars Apostolic.

Meanwhile, during these years of trial, some progress had been made. The "Second Spring" of the Catholic Church in India had begun. At the outset the missionaries were very few, and the conditions of life in India, the lack of all the devices and the practical experience that have now made work in the tropics so much safer for the European, resulted

in their numbers being thinned each year by sickness and death. But gradually the remnants of the old mission congregations were gathered into the new organizations and instructed; the first converts were made, catechists were trained, schools and churches were built, and with the growth of the work new vicariates were erected, until during the Pontificate of Pius IX. a network of mission organization extended over the whole of India—strongest in the south, but not without flourishing communities of Christians even in the north. At the same time good progress was being made in the Buddhist lands of Burma and Ceylon, the latter a Crown Colony, the former in the first years of this period for the most part a pagan kingdom, but all of it annexed to India as a result of the war of 1885. A million and a half of native Christians were under allegiance to the Holy See when on September 1, 1886, Leo XIII. published the Bull erecting the Hierarchy in India.

The progress made by the missions justified the step, but it was taken largely with a view to put an end to difficulties that had arisen from the double jurisdiction established by the Concordat with Portugal in 1857. A second Concordat was negotiated in January, 1886, by which the old *Padroado* was abolished, and the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Goa was limited in India to the Goanese territory and the suffragan sees of Cochin, Cranganore and Meliapore.¹ The Bull of September 1st then erected the existing vicariates into the sees of the new hierarchy. Burma was left out of the arrangement, its three vicariates remaining as before. Ceylon was placed under the jurisdiction of an Archbishop with his see at Colombo and bishoprics at Kandy and Jaffna. In India itself archbishoprics were created at Calcutta, Agra, Madras, Bombay, Verapoly and Pondicherry, the Patriarch of Goa holding the dignity of Primate, in recognition of the historic importance of his see. In all there were twenty-five dioceses with eight archbishoprics amongst them,² the number of these

¹ The Patriarch of Goa has also jurisdiction over the Bishop of Macao, the only remaining Portuguese possession in China, and over the Portuguese colony of Mozambique in Africa.

² A ninth archbishopric—that of Simla—was created by Pius X., by a decree dated September 13, 1910. The new archdiocese was formed by taking certain districts from the archdiocese of Agra and the diocese of Lahore. Father Anselm Kenealy, for some time Provincial of the Capuchins in England, was appointed the first Archbishop, and was consecrated at Rome on the New Year's Day of 1911. The new ecclesiastical province of Simla includes the archbishopric, the diocese of Lahore, and the Apostolic Prefecture of Cashmere and Kafiristan.

being based, it would seem, rather upon the extent of territory in question than on the total number of the episcopate.

The first Council of the Indian episcopate was held at Allahabad in February, 1887. One result of its deliberations was the erection of two vicariates for the Catholics of the Syrian Rite in the south. Decrees were drawn up regulating the methods to be adopted in fulfilling the double task of the Church in India and Ceylon—the care of the existing Christian communities and the evangelization of the millions of Hindus, Buddhists and Mohammedans.

An Indian missionary diocese necessarily differs in its organization from a diocese in Europe. Here in the west the secular clergy are in charge of most or all of the parishes—the members of religious orders and congregations are their auxiliaries, often doing no regular parochial work. But with the exception of Goa, Damaan, and Madras every diocese in India has grown up out of a mission district evangelized by one or other of the religious orders, and the members of this order, mostly Europeans, do the greater part of the work. The native secular clergy are their auxiliaries. In most of the dioceses there are also native priests belonging to the religious orders in charge of the mission, but it is recognized that on the increase of the secular clergy depends the harvest of the future. The normal condition of affairs—still in a far off future—would be an organization of parishes under native priests—with the religious orders aiding them by educational and missionary work as in the Catholic countries of Europe. It had been recognized from the first that in the creation of a native clergy lay the hope of India's future from the Catholic point of view, and the letters of Leo XIII. and Pius X. on the subject only gave a new impetus to a movement that was already in existence. Every Indian diocese has its seminary for native students, and the number of priests increases each year.

It is, as a rule, through native helpers that the European missionary makes converts. Each mission has its organization of trained native catechists. These are generally approached by inquirers who would hesitate to visit a priest; they are entrusted with the instruction of the converts under the supervision of the missionary of their district, and in places where no priest is permanently stationed they also read prayers in the village chapel when he is absent and further act as school teachers.

When I speak of village chapels the reader must not make a mental picture of such a church as is to be found even in the poorest of our Catholic country parishes at home. In the cities of India the Catholics have many fine churches, and a few in country towns. But as a rule the chapel of an Indian village is a very humble structure. Often it is little better than a native hut—walls of sun-dried clay built in between the rough wooden posts that support the roof of palm leaves, with a bank of hardened earth on which to place the altar stone. When Mass is said the chapel is decorated by hanging red and white stuff on its walls, and perhaps attempting some rudely artistic devices with tinsel and bright paper. Sticklers for correct ritual arrangements will be pleased to hear that there is generally a baldachino. It is indeed almost a necessity. But it is made up of a piece of coloured cloth stretched over the altar on four poles, to prevent spiders, insects or even a stray snake dropping on to the altar.

It is a tradition with Protestant writers to attribute the success of the Catholic missions in Southern India especially to "the effect of the gorgeous ceremonial of the Roman Church." But with sanctuaries like these recalling the poverty of the cave at Bethlehem, stately ceremonial display is clearly an impossibility. As to what can be done on a special occasion take this extract from a letter I received a few years ago from one of my correspondents in the Madura mission:—

On Sunday I am going to bless my chapel. One church has lent me an old cope, from another I have borrowed two wooden candlesticks. Père Selvam has given me twelve wax candles, and the Christians of Udanandi will not only come over and sing the music of the Mass, but will bring me a thurible and a holy water sprinkler. So the chapel will be blessed and I shall sing my first Mass in it.

So far from stately churches and elaborate ceremonial being a factor in the numerous conversions in the country districts the real state of affairs is that the wretched poverty and mean surroundings of the village churches are an obstacle to conversions and unfavourably impress the native mind. They hear that the Catholics believe these miserable shanties are during the time of Christian worship the dwelling-place of God, and they wonder why if this is so the Catholics do not erect, if not elaborate buildings like the mosque and pagoda, at

least something better than the mud-built shed. We of course see in this poverty a repetition of the divine condescension of Bethlehem and Nazareth, but even with this explanation in our minds all who have a zeal for the missions of India cannot help at times wishing that even a fraction of the money lavished on our churches in Europe, sometimes in mere temporary decoration, could be used to make these village chapels a little more outwardly fit for the high purposes to which they are dedicated.

If the village church is often so very different from what we in Europe associate with the name, so the work of the missionary in an Indian country district does not correspond to the popular idea of a preacher of the faith among the heathen. Many people picture the Jesuit or Franciscan missionary from Europe sallying out into the crowd in the market-place or before the temple, and, crucifix in hand, proclaiming the good tidings to the crowd, or, like St. Francis among the Paravas, passing from village to village ringing his bell to gather a congregation. In India the missionary, as a rule, preaches only to the converted. He has for his field of work not a parish, but a district, often of great extent, containing perhaps fifty or even eighty villages. In the more Catholic regions of the south there are a few examples of villages where nearly all are converts and the descendants of converts, where there is a resident priest, and the *Angelus* bell rings morning, noon, and night. But in most districts the Catholics are groups of families in each village into which the faith has penetrated. They are a scattered flock, and the missionary's first duty is to visit them, say Mass and minister the Sacraments to them, strengthen them in the faith, see that their practice corresponds to their profession, and that their children are baptized and trained to be good Catholics. If this can be done each group of Catholics becomes a centre of light to the surrounding paganism, and the Hindus themselves come to the catechist or missionary to ask questions, and so converts are made. With this system—and no other could give better results—the missionary must be a traveller, moving about his district continually, generally in a covered ox-cart, which is his house on wheels. Here is an extract from a letter of a missionary in the South describing his method of travel:

My cart serves as my room while I am on the move. I pass days and nights in it. There I sleep, say my prayers, or read,

in the midst of all manner of shaking and jolting. I can tell you that there is not a spot in the little place of which I have not tested the solidity with my head or my shoulders. If you were to see me starting on one of my journeys you would have some idea of the quantity of baggage one has to get into this machine. On the seats I put my bedding, made up of a mat and a rug. There is a box containing all that is required for Mass and the Sacraments of Baptism and Extreme Unction. A little case, which in France I would call my desk, holds my writing materials and a small sum of money. Then there are my umbrella, my lantern of bright tin, and a few odds and ends. You must remember that in some of the best of the village shops one cannot find even a box of matches; this will help you to understand how careful one must be in one's preparations before starting. As for provisions, one can find almost anywhere fowls, eggs, rice and curry. Beyond this you cannot get much in the country. In some cases the Christians are able to put a miserable room at one's disposal, but in others there is not a corner to be had. Often the cart is the best lodging. This is why one takes on the journey some plates and cooking utensils stowed away under the seats, with some provisions.

During his stay at each village the missionary says Mass, administers the Sacraments, visits the sick, preaches, meets inquirers presented by the local catechist, tests and helps to complete the instruction of the catechumens, and admits those who are ready for it to Baptism. This is the round of work that goes on from year to year, with no startling events to mark an epoch in it, unless indeed one counts as such the extra strain of work and the danger of a visitation of cholera, or the relief efforts that have to be undertaken after a bad season or a local storm and inundation.

In the cities and large towns the work is less lonely, and in these there is often a European colony including some Catholics. Or it may be the officers or men of an Irish regiment help to swell the congregation. In such places too there may be a convent of European nuns to direct the girls' schools and look after various charitable undertakings, and a college or high school. In the colleges many of the pupils will be non-Christians, but their education will at least help to break down prejudices against Catholic teaching.

And now comes the question of results. We may say that the first thirty years of the Indian Missions, after the beginning of the reorganization under Gregory XVI., were a time when the efforts of the missionaries were devoted chiefly

to gathering together and strengthening in the faith the remnant of the old Catholic congregations. It was a period of reconstruction. Converts were indeed made, but the steady flow of conversions could only be looked for after this preliminary work was done. Since then there has been remarkable progress. The results of the Government census, as well as the reports of the vicariates and dioceses, show an unceasing growth in the numbers of the Catholics of India. They are most numerous in Southern India and Ceylon, the lands of the Tamul races. In the Aryan lands of the north they are a scattered flock, and large districts are still almost untouched.

At the beginning of 1887, the year of the establishment of the Indian hierarchy, the numbers of the Catholics were as follows, according to the returns published in the *Madras Catholic Directory*:

| | |
|--|-----------|
| India (exclusive of Goa and the Portuguese possessions) | 989,381 |
| Ceylon | 207,692 |
| The three vicariates of Burma | 27,354 |
| Total | 1,224,427 |

The general totals supplied by the Indian Government Census of 1911 may be taken to represent the situation twenty-four years after the establishment of the hierarchy. The figures added for Ceylon are those of the diocesan statistics. The island is not under the Indian Government:

Census of India (including Burma) 1911.

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Native Catholics of the Latin rite | 1,394,000 |
| Native Catholics of the Syrian rite | 413,142 |
| Eurasian and European Catholics | 97,144 |
| Total | 1,904,286 |
| Ceylon (Catholics, mostly native) | 322,163 |
| Total for India and Ceylon | 2,226,449 |

In this, as in the preceding estimate, the Catholics of Goa and the minor Portuguese possessions are not included.¹ The

¹ The Portuguese administration carried out a census in December, 1910, and supplied the results to the Indian Government, but no statistics of religions in the Goanese territory are included in the general analysis of religious statistics issued in the summary of the Indian Census, which covers only British territory and the native states of British India.

Goanese statistics are not very reliable, for the figures given by different authorities vary largely. But the total number of Catholics, mostly natives or of the mixed Eurasian race, may be set down as about 300,000. This would bring the total number of Catholics in India and Ceylon up to about two and a half millions.

In measuring the progress of the last quarter of a century we may omit the figures for Goa, simplifying our calculation by supposing that these are fairly constant. This will if anything diminish, and certainly will not exaggerate, the total increase shown.

Comparing then the figures already given for 1887 and 1911 we have this striking result:

| | | |
|---|-----|-----------|
| Increase in India (including Burma) ... | ... | 987,821 |
| Increase in Ceylon ... | ... | 114,201 |
| Total increase ... | | 1,102,022 |

This represents an increase of ninety per cent. on the total of 1887. The increase of population is greater in the Christian communities than among the pagans, but even allowing for this, an increase of thirty per cent. would be a liberal allowance for this element in the calculation. There is no immigration. On the contrary there is some loss in the emigration of numbers of the Tamul Catholics of the south as coolie labourers to various tropical countries. There may possibly have been some under-estimating of numbers in the figures supplied by the Vicariates at the end of 1886, though missionaries are not usually supposed to err in this way. But allowing for all these possible elements in the comparison the figures are such that an immense number of conversions is the only possible explanation of this increase of the Catholic population.

Manifold progress is also shown by the diocesan statistics. Take for instance the diocese of Trichinopoly. On the eve of the restoration of the hierarchy the Vicariate of Madura reported the number of the Catholics as 166,457. When the Vicariate became the Diocese of Trichinopoly a portion of it which contained a large Christian population was detached and assigned to the Diocese of Meliapore. But though the present diocese contains less territory than the old Vicariate,

last year's returns show that its Catholic population is now 254,966. In the preceding twelve months there had been 1,854 baptisms of adult converts.

But these figures only represent one aspect of the recent progress of our Indian Missions. In 1886 the Madura Vicariate had 7,260 children in its schools. The diocese has now 20,000. In 1886 there were 53 European missionaries, and 26 native priests, with 7 students in the seminary. In 1912 there were 130 European missionaries, and 49 native priests. There were 26 students in the seminary for the formation of the native clergy and 52 scholastics and novices (mostly natives) in the Jesuit novitiate and house of studies. Among the 27 lay-Brothers of the Jesuit mission 22 were natives. There were 37 members of the native Congregation of the Sacred Heart, an Order of men devoted to education. There were 262 nuns of various Orders, engaged in the direction of a number of educational and charitable institutions.

But even this increase in the number of workers still leaves the mission, like every other in India, seriously understaffed for the work to be done. In many districts, after allowing for the necessary deductions for sickness and invaliding through age, the missionaries barely suffice for the necessary ministrations to the Catholics, and have little time for any direct efforts at evangelizing the surrounding heathendom. Here, as in China, it is only the relative cheapness of living under native conditions and the self-denying lives of the missionaries that make it possible to accomplish so much on limited resources. Alms for the missions produce, thanks to these conditions, relatively larger results than the same sum would produce in Europe or America. A native catechist who gives all his time to the work is paid about 15s. a month. Some of the village catechists receive much less and partly support themselves by manual work. The education of a boy in one of the preparatory schools or "minor seminaries" of the south costs £6 a year. When as a young man he goes on to his direct studies for the priesthood in the Great Seminary the cost is only about £14 a year. Many a village church has been built and equipped in a way that makes it the pride of its Catholic congregation for from £20 to £30. Very many have cost less.

The need of the missions may be summed up thus—more priests, more catechists, more school teachers. In Southern

India, as in China, the fields are white for the harvest. The north is still for the most part in the pioneering stage.

There are more English and Irish priests in India than in China, but they are not many, and it would be a gain if the numbers were largely increased. English has become the common language of educated natives, to such an extent that it is that of the Indian National Congress, and of some of the most widely circulated organs of the native press. It is to India what Latin was to mediæval Europe. But most of the missionaries come from Continental Europe. Thus for instance in the ecclesiastical Provinces of Agra and Simla in the north all the dioceses are assigned to Capuchins of the Italian, French, Belgian, and Tyrolese Provinces of the Order. The only exception is the Vicariate of Cashmere and Kafiristan, which is being evangelized by the missionaries of St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill. The Belgian Jesuits supply workers to the Archdiocese of Calcutta, and German, French, and Italian Jesuits form the majority of the missionary body in the four dioceses of the Province of Bombay. The Fathers of the Paris Séminaire des Missions Étrangères are the missionaries of the five dioceses of the Province of Pondicherry and the three Vicariates of Burma. Spanish Carmelites man the missions of Verapoly, and Belgian Carmelites those of Quilon. Ceylon, where the Catholics now form an important element in the population, contained three dioceses when the hierarchy was established. There are now five. The Archdiocese of Colombo and the Diocese of Jaffna are assigned to the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Kandy to the Benedictines, Galle to French Jesuits, and Trincomalee to Jesuits of the Belgian Province.

From time to time there are large accessions of converts in particular districts. Thus more than a quarter of a century ago the Belgian missionaries received in a few years more than 20,000 natives into the Church in the Chota Nagpore district, a single missionary converting many thousands of them. A few years ago in the Trichinopoly diocese in one year in a small group of villages 600 adults asked for instruction without ever having been directly approached by priest or catechist. But the normal course of events is the steady increase of converts as the growth of the Catholic communities in town and village form centres of example and attraction for their non-Christian neighbours, and at the same time conversion becomes less an act that will isolate the convert

from all friendly dealings with men of his own race. It is this isolation of the convert from so much of the life of the people that makes the pioneering stage of a mission in India a peculiarly difficult time. Once that stage is passed one can look for a continual increase in the number of conversions. Of the Indian missions one may safely say—to sum up—that far greater results have been obtained than even the most sanguine looked for fifty years ago, and the outlook is distinctly hopeful.

A. H. A.

The International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues.

THERE are Associations which owe their origin to the creative thought of one mind, and there are others which seem to be swept together by the common impulse of many minds. Our own age does not produce, nor would it seem to have any need for, the solitary creative mind. We use a great title which does not fit when we call those leaders of popular movements "founders," who only differ from their neighbours in possessing on the spiritual plane the gifts which the water wizard exercises on the physical. These "founders" have but detected a popular movement while it was still underground, and at its first appearance on the surface they have been ready with plans for its direction.

The creator of an Association must have magnetism to attach disciples to himself, and a personality vivid enough to continue to be impressive down the ages. His moral features reappear again and again in his followers whose influence grows in the measure of their likeness to him. The duller mind can detect the action of the supernatural in the face of this phenomenon. Popular movements on the other hand are usually led by quite average persons whose qualifications, apart from a certain sensitiveness to thought-waves, may be largely negative, as for instance, a lack of personal ambition. Such movements are therefore unattractive to the more romantic spirits who miss a magnetic leader, or to the merely feeble who delight to lie prone upon a personality, and they are apt to be disquieting to the timid, who can never feel sure of the integrity of a mere neighbour. Popular movements are always interesting, and not infrequently they prove to have been the work of the Holy Spirit.

The rise of an International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues has been as much due to a popular movement as has that of each of its component Leagues. This Union has just been declared by the Holy Father to be tending in the right

direction, a fact which gives joyful encouragement to those who have been marching in its ranks, and should have some influence with its critics.

As we all know, neither Women's Leagues devoted to social study and social reconstruction, nor their International Federation, have had their origin in the Catholic body. Both were fully developed on a professedly undenominational basis before the coming of the first Catholic League, which as a matter of fact sprang into existence partly as a reaction from the International Congress of Women held in 1906. In that Congress there was much to admire but more to alarm a Catholic. The need of a foundation of faith and the counterpoise of a spiritual life was but too apparent in many of the speeches. But the whole assembly was electric with life and was certain to attract the young, whose energies were neither being used nor directed in the interests of Christianity.

The early stages of popular movements not controlled by a definite faith are usually disfigured by a rise to the surface of a scum of ignorant materialism. The second-rate, anti-religious minds achieve a brief notoriety and appear to be about to lead the whole movement. In a few years, if the movement is a sound one, their strength is spent and their propaganda is discovered to be retrogression in the dress of progress. If this particular Congress had not lent a platform for some anti-religious slander and bigotry (for "undenominational" was interpreted by its Council in those days as liberty to throw mud and liberty to throw it back) it is possible that Catholic Leagues might still be in the future. It needed a note of alarm for the faith, in order thoroughly to awake and give practical direction to the half-formed longing among Catholic women to enter more fully into the extended opportunities of the day, and to use their powers more directly in the service of the Church. The presence of this widespread though inarticulate longing accounts for the astonishing rapidity with which Catholic Leagues have sprung up.

Perhaps because the first impulse came from an International Congress these new Catholic Leagues, from the moment they came into being, and without waiting to mature slowly in their own countries, began to stretch out hands of friendship to one another, to exchange annual reports and magazines and to tell one another by letter how much they wished for closer union. Several Leagues seem to have begun

to ponder the possibility of some such union and to plan how to bring it about. In 1910 the leaders of the *Ligue Patriotique des Françaises*, conscious of how much they had gained in zeal and extended horizon by their own National Congresses, asked one another "for what are we waiting?" And indeed for what were we waiting? Our Leagues had not been swept together by the somewhat blind energy of feminine unrest, which is apt to supply fighting material without always deciding what to fight or why. A definite call had fully awakened our energies. The issues were perfectly clear. We entered the field of social reconstruction as Christians—we were to work for Christ. It was not a question of deciding who was the enemy, but of how best to deal with him. By early intercourse with one another we might escape much beating of the air and much misunderstanding of the forces, friendly or hostile, with which we should have to reckon.

The *Ligue Patriotique des Françaises*, with its machinery in full working order and its self-sacrificing and apostolic spirit, was well equipped for taking the lead. In response to its invitation delegates from fourteen Leagues met in Brussels in August, 1910. We asked nothing better from the first than to submit absolutely to authority, and sought and obtained the blessing of the Holy Father on our undertaking.

At that first gathering the following countries were represented: France (by two Leagues), Germany, England, Austria, Spain (two Leagues), Lorraine, Portugal, Belgium, Uruguay, Brazil, Switzerland, and the already international *Cœuvre de la protection de la Jeune Fille*. During the subsequent Conferences which have been held successively in Madrid, 1911; Vienna, 1912; London, 1913, the following Leagues have been admitted to the Union: Montreal (Canada), Boston (United States), Luxemburg, Cracow and Warsaw (Poland), Hungary, Valencia (Spain), Antwerp, the Argentine Republic and two more for Germany.

It is interesting to consider the development of ideas which has gradually taken place and which has found expression in the statutes of the Union as revised during the London Conference of this year and submitted to the Holy See for approbation. Their gradual evolution was inevitable, since they were not the work of creative genius but the expression of a popular movement. As will be seen in the letter printed at the end of this article, the Holy Father recognizes and encourages this cautious and tentative manner of proceeding,

and, in approving the statutes in their present form for four years only, leaves the door open for such further changes as added experience may show to be needed.

The aims of the first Congress leapt a little into the future, and without regard to the raw material at hand dreams were dreamed which one day may come to be realized—but not yet. We were perhaps a little grandiose, a little vaguely melodramatic, in the manner of the press when it warns of national perils. There was an ever present sense of the enemy at that first Congress, of the power of Freemasonry, of the machinations of Socialists, of the insidious work of a godless Feminism. This marked a stage preceding the personal intercourse which should bring us down to accuracy, sober facts, and the consideration of our own capacities for the work. In the beginning we thought it possible, as it was certainly ideal, that the unit of the Union should be in each case a National League; an aggregate of the Catholic Feminine Societies of a country.¹ This would simplify the distribution of the vote and of such influence as a vote might bring—on a common basis of philosophy and faith would be grouped the various expressions of the spiritual genius of race. This was a wholesale invitation for lions and lambs to lie down together which they were not at all prepared to do except in the common shelter of an International fold. If the National Unit were insisted on, it would clearly reduce the Union to very small dimensions, and frighten away many promising Leagues capable of enriching it and benefiting by it. Both lions and lambs had a good deal of growing to do before such a basis could commend itself. The advantage of National cohesion in social work does not become apparent until the work is sufficiently developed to be in direct touch with Governments and legislative bodies. Leagues from the same country, at one time convinced of innumerable reasons why they could not unite, once admitted into the International Union, may as years go on and they sit side by side, come to wonder what it is that keeps them apart in their own land. Meanwhile, the League, provided its area of activity is more than local, that its programme is study and social work, and that it has enjoyed more than three years of existence, is now accepted as the unit of the Union. From the beginning we

¹ For instance, the National Union of Women Workers in this country consisting of numbers of affiliated societies, figures as a National League in an International Council.

were anxious in framing our tentative statutes to guarantee an international character to the Union, and we saw at first no other way than by passing the ball as it were in turn, from country to country—but we have come to see a better way. In a sense, it is enlarging that the guiding reins should be in the hands of now one country now another, one for a time directing all on the way by its own star. But this was in the nature of a series of foreign trips in the realm of thought. Our task was to bring into being a new entity, cosmopolitan opinion working in the interests of a universal Church, together where possible; and where common action was out of the question, to inspire individual Leagues with energy, while leaving them wholly free to find their own way in their own lands. And so the statutes as they have been gradually remodelled have not only abandoned the ideal of National Units but also the idea of an Executive body elected annually and national in character, in favour of one always international in character.

In the beginning too we supposed that it would be necessary to set up a permanent office for the exchange of our business, and that attached to this might be a standing committee of experts ready to furnish information in whatever direction we might need it. Perhaps we were influenced by the fact that Freemasons, so conspicuously successful in manipulating international popular opinion, had established such an office and we were rather oppressed with the thought that it would be necessary to try to do something astute and on a large scale. If it had been really what we needed and what we were ripe to make use of, the *Ligue Patriotique*, which with great generosity accepted the upkeep and the cost of the office, would have brought it to a triumphant success. But it too was a premature scheme, and soon the disparity between the machinery on the one hand and the few packages of League Magazines which arrived (not too punctually) at this centre for redistribution, and the occasional correspondence, on the other, began to dawn on us. Again, although the enemy was certainly there all the time and in this country, now that Individual Leagues were doing such notable public work for the Church as justifies up to the hilt this new departure of Catholic women, it became evident that an obstacle stood between us and our common aim—an obstacle very favourable to the enemy's chances of success. This was our own ignorance of what had been done by others and our own want of preparation for social work on an extended scale. And so it has come

about that what was a "Service Centrale" has fallen into two parts. The correspondence and executive work passes to the International Bureau or Executive Committee for the time being, and what had been foreshadowed as a consultative committee becomes a permanent *Commission d'Études*, whose business it will be to study, and to promote the general study of, the subjects decided by the Conferences, which will in future take place every two years.

The last Conference in London attracted little notice—most of it took place behind closed doors and reporters were excluded. The work in hand was of a family character; we were rearranging our working lines in the light of experience. Only one public meeting gave us in this country the opportunity of admiring the ability and the zeal of the delegates from France and Germany, in comparison with whose Leagues our own is a Lilliputian. But we were not only mending our machinery behind closed doors, we were deciding on work for the future. The *Commission d'Études* is to consist of four sections, each section to be composed of a representative from every League and to study respectively these four subjects in all their international aspects:—1, The White Slave Traffic; 2, Women's work and wages; 3, Higher Education; 4, Freemasonry. It was decided that the entire Congress two years hence should be devoted to the "White Slave Traffic." A popular movement is particularly well qualified to render aid in the fight against this international scourge. Without indulging in exaggerated dreams it is clear that the united influence and action of the Leagues, being as they are in direct touch with masses of women of all classes, could render practical service. The ingenuity of those who traffic in vice for commercial ends will only be outwitted when whole populations are forearmed with knowledge and have enough zeal to be vigilant. Then too this question dovetails in with others directly affecting women. Their standing in any district, the condition of their wages and the number of the possibilities of livelihood open to them have a direct bearing on the facility with which women are entrapped or decoyed. The traffic flourishes on women's ignorance, her failure to earn a living wage which makes her eager to trust lying advertisements, and most of all on the uncared-for feeble-minded. There seems to be on all sides a growing recognition of the fact that most evils flourish best in darkness and in silence and that to these an awakened public conscience is as remedial as is sunlight to disease.

Hitherto, with a few notable exceptions, Catholic women have not roused themselves in this matter or borne their share in the labour of fighting the infamy. This is probably because the crusade against it was set on foot by other Christian bodies in this country who, following the line of least resistance, have got into touch first with non-Catholics of other countries. Now that the International Union is pledged to further this crusade the reproach of apathy will no longer be deserved. It is greatly to be hoped too that as our social study develops Germany will not be the only country to furnish a constructive literature on social questions as they affect women. It is comparatively easy to criticize and a mere critic is rarely an attractive character. Unfortunately we have to play this part continually in the presence of contemporary feminism. We intimate that we stand on a true foundation, that we have the vision of true feminism. We want, and want badly, a literature not confined to warnings, negations and proofs of fallacious arguments or historical blunders, but one positive, constructive, pulsing with life, both natural and supernatural. In a few years' time the Union may begin to bear this fruit.

In forming a Union we are only finding a well worn pathway. The Societies "founded" in the strict sense of the word did not rest till they had spread round the world. Popular movements to-day have the same impulse, and anyhow science has so shrunk the earth that there is not much choice, we elbow one another whether we will or no, and there is now a family likeness in the social questions which harass unlike Governments. Yes, but the critic will say, the older Societies had a supernatural origin. Well, let us wait and see, the Holy Spirit is not bound by tradition, and anyhow a Pope has said "go on."

The following is the official letter of authorization received last July by the President of the Bureau of *L'Union Internationale des Ligues Catholiques Féminines*.

LETTRE OFFICIELLE D'AUTORISATION.

SEGRETERIA DI STATO

DU VATICAN,

DI SUA SANTITA.

Le 18 Juillet 1913.

à Madame James Hope, Présidente du 1^{er} Conseil International
de la Fédération Internationale des Ligues Catholiques
Féminines.

Madame,

Le Saint Père a pris connaissance du projet de Statuts pour la Fédération Internationale des Ligues Catholiques Fémin-

ines, tel qu'il a été voté par le Conseil International à Londres.

Sa Sainteté a daigné ratifier les Statuts, avec quelques modifications que vous trouverez dans la copie que je vous transmets et que vous aurez la bonté de communiquer aux organisations intéressées.

Avant de donner Son approbation définitive l'Auguste Pontife voudrait que l'expérience pratique vienne corroborer les avantages de ces statuts et dans ce but Il les sanctionne pour l'espace de quatre ans. Ce délai permettra d'examiner s'il y a lieu d'introduire dans les statuts des changements suggérés par leur application ou par des circonstances spéciales.

Le Saint Père me charge de vous exprimer Sa haute satisfaction pour le zèle que vous avez déployé en union avec les autres membres de votre Bureau dans l'exercice de vos fonctions et c'est de tout cœur qu'Il vous envoie ainsi qu'à toutes vos compagnes, la Bénédiction Apostolique.

Je saisis avec empressement cette occasion pour vous renouveler, Madame la Présidente, l'assurance de mes sentiments bien dévoués en Notre Seigneur.

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

MARGARET FLETCHER.

*Madame d'Youville : the "Valiant Woman
of Canada."*

I.

THERE are in the Cathedral of St. James at Montreal some finely-executed mural paintings illustrative of the early days of French colonization in New France, worthy to rank with the best work of Puvis de Chavannes. The stirring incidents of brave adventure and fierce missionary struggle, depicted with a broad masterliness of composition and a sober glory of colour over immense wall spaces, are typical not only of the romantic and chivalrous taste in French historical selection, but of this peculiar school of mural painting, half decorative, half naturalistic, of which the French are, *par excellence*, the first exponents. The splendid pictures at Montreal constitute a gallery of art native to Canada in purpose, if not in origin, far more interesting than the "national" collection newly installed in the Victoria Memorial Museum at Ottawa. While the pictures in the latter, and also those at Toronto, make it sufficiently clear that Canadian painters may aspire to be hung in any gallery in Europe, their work is cosmopolitan, and in no sense representatively Canadian. These pictures at Montreal, on the other hand, constitute a national treasure.

They seem, nevertheless, to be but little known. I was unable to discover any photographic reproductions of them, even dating from the time when the Eucharistic Congress held in Montreal might be supposed to have drawn artistic as well as pious attention to the churches of that city. So true it is that in Canada only the future, and the things of the future count.

The pictures in the Montreal Cathedral are religious pictures, and as such—quite apart from their historical interest or artistic merit—they have something of the value for posterity, even modern Canadian posterity, which the frescoes at Assisi have had from the day Giotto painted them for the Catholic heart to read, to the day Ruskin interpreted them afresh for

modern eyes. We are often told that there is no poverty in Canada; that as yet the problem of winter unemployment—where it exists—has not grown beyond solution; that in Canadian cities there are no slums. All this is strikingly true from a relative point of view. No one from Glasgow, Birmingham or the East End of London could detect “slums” in Toronto or Winnipeg. No one could mistake the pioneering makeshifts of prairie life for the leprous poverty, for instance, of an Italian village; or the friendlessness of the empty spaces of the new world for the destitution of the tenement block. Nevertheless, Miss Mary Ard Mackenzie, the Chief Lady Superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada, on her western tour of inspection last year, found it necessary to utter a timely word of warning about town planning, public sanitation and hygiene. If the cities of the young Dominion and the provincial governments of the western provinces do not take precautionary measures in these directions, another ten or fifteen years of growth and complicated development will see them saddled with all the sociological problems which men have sought to escape by abandoning the old world for the new.

Marie Marguerite de Lajemmerais, veuve d'Youville, some scenes of whose life are depicted upon the walls of St. James' Cathedral in Montreal, stood in the Canadian beginnings for all those Samaritan undertakings which at the present day seem to fall to a Government Department or to some civic and lay Committee. The moral of her life is eminently applicable to-day, to Canadian development. She practically founded, and directed an asylum for the indigent, the sick and the aged, when the primitive state of things at Villemarie (the early Montreal), the horrors of Indian warfare, and later, of internecine white strife, left no more of public spirit to shoulder such communal responsibilities than may be found to-day out west—where the individual struggle to find and maintain a footing renders prairie communities unready, as yet, to face such problems. At a time when strife on Canadian soil between the French and English resulted in a terrible amount of libertinage in the colony, Madame d'Youville attempted to deal with the resulting problems. Such problems exist to-day, in huge proportions, in every city of the North American continent, and the picture at Montreal of that sober-garbed woman singing a *Te Deum* to God during the burning of the asylum she had built for the poor, the

sick and the fallen, at such immense personal cost, has a lesson to teach of confidence and faith all its own, which cannot be over estimated as the years go on, and as frustration seems to attend this or that effort, legislative or otherwise, to do any good in the world, and to combat its evils.

Madame d'Youville ranks with the St. Elizabeths, the St. Vincents de Paul of the Church, and scarcely any of those interventions of providence without which this or that charitable undertaking must have succumbed to financial or other troubles, are wanting to the story of her institution. To anyone reading her Life,¹ as I did, in the midst of an undertaking threatened with frustration from month to month from want of funds to continue building, or to maintain as much as had already been accomplished, the score or so of pages of business-like details as to Madame d'Youville's "rentes," expenditures, receipts, and schemes for raising money, had an interest and an encouragement all their own. Never was anyone more level-headed, more business-like, more ingenious than she; never was any woman face to face single-handed with heavier responsibilities. Accustomed as one is, in this twentieth century, to the bazaars, the "rush-campaigns," the snowballs, the charity benefit performances, and other such well-meaning methods of obtaining money for philanthropic purposes, such philanthropy as Madame d'Youville's, the philanthropy of "personal service," effort and sacrifice down to the uttermost farthing of health, time, money, friends, and of a lifetime if not of life itself, is a thing which could scarcely be copied in the world of to-day (outside of a Religious Order) without amounting to folly.

The philanthropic undertakings of to-day are based on an excellent humanitarianism; but it was not merely this which enabled Madame d'Youville to chant serenely the *Te Deum* when her hospital was burnt to the ground—and set to work to house its outcasts, and build it up again without the delay of a day, as though nothing had happened. Devoted as committees or as the staff of institutions may show themselves to be on occasion, something more than this went to the making of the sisters who stood by Madame d'Youville and her good works, and by sheer self-immolation rescued them time after time from the annihilation of famine, fire

¹ *Vie de Madame d'Youville, fondatrice des sœurs de la charité de Villemarie dans l'île de Montréal en Canada.* Anonymously written. Published at the Hôpital General, 1852.

and insolvency. An absolute assurance that her work was the work of God carried Madame d'Youville through everything; and only the religious vow gave her the coadjutors she needed. The name of Marguerite Bourgeoys, who, a few years previous to the founding of the "Hôpital General de Villemarie" by three pious laymen in 1694, had accompanied the famous de Maisonneuve and his colonial recruits from France, is known throughout the Catholic world in Canada as the foundress of its most illustrious teaching congregation. That of Marie de Lajemmerais, as the *veuve d'Youville*, is for ever identified with the famous "Grey Nuns," who have been the pioneers of nursing, and of all sorts of charitable works throughout the Dominion.

II.

Marie Marguerite Dufrost de Lajemmerais was born on the 15th of October, 1701, about two years after the death of that other whose rare and intrepid virtues entitle her also to the epithet "valiant woman of Canada," Marguerite Bourgeoys. She came of a Breton family, her father having first set foot in New France as an ensign in the French forces under Denonville, then fighting the Iroquois Indians. "On sait que la plupart des gentilshommes français qui allaient se fixer en Canada n'y portaient pour tout bien que leur épée et leur bravoure, et que, nonobstant les grandes concessions de terres qu'ils obtenaient aisément pour s'établir dans le pays, leur état de médiocrité n'était pas rendu meilleur par la possession de ces vastes domaines, qui ne leur offraient encore que des espérances pour l'avenir." Here we have in a few words the romance summed up of early French Canada. Marie's father died when she, the eldest of his six children, was only seven years old, leaving a widow to support them on the slenderest of means. Some influential interest exerted on behalf of Madame Lajemmerais relieved her poverty to a little extent and the Ursulines of Quebec received her for two years. At the age of twenty-one, after her mother's second marriage with an emigrant Irish doctor, Marie herself married a native of Montreal called François Madeleine You. After about eight years of extremely unhappy wifedom, during which she bore her husband six children (only two lived), she was left a widow in very straitened circumstances. For a short while the assistance, again of friends, enabled

her to engage in some small business, "un petit commerce," by means of which she not only managed to pay her husband's debts, and bring up her two boys, but even to gratify those charitable instincts which were presently to lead her to the great undertaking of her life. She was fortunate enough at this time to find herself under the direction of the Vicar General, a M. Normant, whose administrative ability was only equalled by his zeal for the well-being of his diocese, and who saw in this charitable-minded and yet business-like young widow the very instrument designed by Providence for the resuscitation and preservation of an institution then tottering to its fall only about thirty years after its inception.

It is interesting to remark that the French people had ever looked upon the colonisation of New France rather in the light of a religious and missionary enterprise, than in that of expansion, discovery, or trade. The famous Pierre Gault-thier de Varennes de Lavérendrye,¹ (a kinsman, by the way, of the de Lajemmerais) undertook his westward explorations—the first in 1731—quite as much for the purpose of evangelizing the Indians as to hold the fur trade for the French against the Hudson Bay Company. Inspired by the example of Marguerite Bourgeoys in founding a school at Montreal, three laymen had established in the wooden palisade-girt city a sort of home for aged and infirm men, and had instituted a small community of *frères hospitaliers* to administer it. This "hospital," beset by just the same difficulties as Mother Bourgeoys' foundation experienced,—the restraints of extreme poverty, starvation, and the incessant struggle to provide the very means of subsistence in the unresourceful newness of the country—maintained a very precarious existence. And in 1737, deeply in debt, the community dwindled away to nothing, and was on the point of extinction. In spite of an auspicious beginning in 1694, under royal sanction, the fraternity had never prospered. Mother Bourgeoys could have told those three pious gentlemen that it required something else than the letters patent of Louis XV. to found a religious congregation! The work of the asylum fell into terrible arrears of all sorts, and a faulty and hand-to-mouth administration dragged on a wretched existence under the constant likelihood of suppression. Only reluctance to extinguish an institution, the need of which was as obvious as the piety of the idea, withheld the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of the Colony from

¹ See *The Tablet* for September 16, 1911.

winding up the affairs of the Hospital time after time. New France was indeed a heavy drain on the royal exchequers of the mother country, and the King withdrew a substantial grant to this unfortunate institution in 1731.

M. Normant, who had long watched its decay, saw in the person of Madame d'Youville a saviour for the Hospital. But that she, and the few pious ladies who had by now gathered round her and for three years had prepared themselves by some sort of a community life for such an undertaking, should undertake its resuscitation and administration was an idea so novel when at last he broached it that it was met by a storm of opposition. Marguerite Bourgeoys had experienced difficulty enough, many years before, in obtaining ecclesiastical sanction for her uncloistered Sisterhood, and it was again an innovation on custom that women should take over a work originally for men and confided to men's hands, that gave the authorities so much pause in this case. Madame d'Youville and her first associate, a Mlle. Louise Thaumur Lasource, had been joined in the course of time by a few other ladies, but the sobriquet by which the little society came to be known—the *sœurs grises*—was given them less on account of their grey dresses, than on that of the scandalous rumour of their drunkenness! The means by which they were supposed to support the indigent whom they sheltered, was the sale of intoxicants to the Indians. Despite all sorts of misrepresentations and evictions, the community persisted, and by the time nine years had passed (during which things at the Hôpital General reached a crisis, while all other suggestions for its rehabilitation had fizzled out in a welter of official correspondence), Madame d'Youville and her Sisters, always supported by their faithful director, the Vicar General, had been so tried in the fire that little doubt remained of their fitness for the work he was so anxious to see confided to them.

At last—and it would be a tedious "at last" to anyone who found no parallel in all this red tape, those financial *impasses*, and those frantic prejudices, to impediments besetting some darling project of their own—at last the Governor General, the Intendant, and the Bishop (who had doubts as to the endurance of Madame d'Youville's community) gave way! The widow lady and six companions entered provisionally upon the administration of an institution which had to be practically rebuilt from cellar to roof ("il suffira de dire qu'il fallut remettre aux croisées douze cent vingt six carreaux

de vitre ")), which was hopelessly in debt, and where only two old *frères hospitaliers* remained in their dotage to look after one or two old paupers in scarcely worse plight than themselves. Some farm lands, whose revenues had been appropriated to the Hospital, had fallen into a similar state of decay and neglect, so that one of the first things clamouring for Madame d'Youville's attention, if any sort of order was to be evolved from this chaos of failure, was a wholesale restocking of these farms.

The intrepid woman threw herself into the work with the zeal it demanded. She raised immense loans under sanctions repudiated when the time came for repayment, rebuilt and enlarged the asylum, and greatly extended its scheme of usefulness. The authorities however refused her anything like adequate moral support. They regarded her efforts in the light of a more or less risky experiment, and held themselves as it were ready to "stand from under" at any given moment. Discussion as to the ultimate fate of the institution dragged on for three years. The Intendant, M. Bigot, a singularly determined opponent of Madame d'Youville, had succeeded so far in his intention to quash the Montreal asylum, or reduce it to insignificance by affiliation with the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, as to have taken all the necessary steps to this end. He was only awaiting the royal sanction from Versailles, when Madame d'Youville's own generous offer to liquidate all the debts of the establishment within the space of three years, without having recourse to the Court, was put before the King and carried the day for the Grey Nuns. M. l'abbé de l'Isle-Dieu, who was then Minister for the Colonies at Paris, remarked humorously enough on M. Bigot's precipitancy, "On va bien vite en Canada; c'est pendre un homme par provision et instruire ensuite son procès."

III.

No sooner was the vexatious question settled as to whether this Hôpital General "which the pious liberality of its founders gave to the poor of Montreal, which the charity of the citizens had helped to form and which the alms of the government had hitherto assisted" was to be preserved in the interests of the necessitous of the colony through Madame d'Youville or not, than the foundress turned her attention to the more regular formation and organization of the little society she had inaugurated for the purpose. The details differ

in no essential particular from those of the beginnings of any other simple, charitable, devoted, religious community. We need only pause to note that it was not until this date, when the King transferred to her and to her Sisters the charge formerly given to the *frères hospitaliers* (on the understanding, of course, that formal religious shape should be given to the new community by the Bishop, M. de Pontbriant), that the famous Canadian sisterhood, corresponding very much to that of St. Vincent de Paul in Europe, came into official being. From the point of view of any piece of practical philanthropy, which, at the moment, may be exercising the ingenuity and straining the resources of anyone fired with the needs of to-day, it is still more interesting to learn how Madame d'Youville faced the desperate financial situation. Supported by ladies no less ready than she herself to count *no* cost (which is, perhaps, two-thirds of such a battle), she set to work in half-a-dozen directions to make money as well as to beg it. She opened apartments in the Institution for *dames pensionnaires*, among whom presently were numbered her mother and two widowed sisters; she undertook an immense amount of needlework for private individuals, for the garrison, and for the churches; and for the "factors" of various trading companies who went into the interior to bargain with the Indians. "When she took possession of the Hospital there was a brewery in the enclosure which the Brothers had formerly built. She reopened the brewery, and in one year," writes her biographer, who revels in augmenting figures, "this branch of industry brought in a thousand crowns." She also opened a sort of tobacco factory, and "one sees from her accounts" that this little enterprize alone added about two thousand *livres* per annum to the receipts of the house. She instituted half a dozen minor factories with a shrewd business instinct always justified by results, pressed any of the able-bodied among her *protégées* into such services as they could assist, received animals for a small sum into the pasturages of the grounds, and opened some of her wards to paying patients. How the small number of the Sisters in the community managed to get through all the work entailed by these various activities is beyond surmise. They often sat up all night at their sewing. Notwithstanding all these efforts, Madame d'Youville could scarcely make ends meet. She and the nuns half starved themselves that the poor under their care might have enough to eat. Little by little she scraped some savings

together and invested them in France with a view to future endowment. Later, she not only restocked and developed various outlying farms belonging to the Institution, but even acquired fresh property with a view to its appreciation in value and ultimate usefulness in rental to the Hospital.

It is shortening a long story to say that time after time, labours as heroic in their scope, desperation and perseverance, as these, were brought almost to naught by famine and the recurrent horrors of fire. The more poor Madame d'Youville gathered together under the roof of her ever enlarging asylum, the unfortunates, the *enfants trouvés*, the sick—and the more the Sisters who entered the noviciate and passed into the community—so many more were those massed about her, shelterless, perhaps, in the bitter rigours of Canadian winter weather, when, as happened time and again, the Hospital was burnt down. It was on one such occasion as this that Madame d'Youville sang the *Te Deum*, the incident which is pictured on the walls of St. James's Cathedral.

The war between the French and English, which ended in 1759 with the fall of Montcalm and Wolfe at Quebec, threw the entire colony into a great state of apprehension as to its religious future under British rule. Madame d'Youville confided the interests of her community to M. Mongolfier, the ecclesiastical envoy from Montreal to the Court of King George III., who was as anxious that she should still be permitted to receive postulants (since the work was growing every day), as that he might return, a Bishop. The colony had as little idea then of the Canada to be, the marvellous Canada of to-day (which perhaps only British enterprise could have created), as the United States had of the Alaska they purchased in 1867. But, at least, reflects Madame d'Youville's biographer, the cession of these "few arpents of snow" to the British crown, on the eve of the Revolution, saved the Canada of 1789 from any consequences of the horrors of which France then became the theatre. "Pardonnez ces premières défiances," exclaimed a Canadian preacher in 1794, "à un peuple qui n'avait pas encore le bonheur de vous—vous, nation généreuse d'Angleterre—connaître."¹ The Sisters of Charity lost nothing by this change of government except some large sums of money invested in French securities. Madame d'Youville was never able to recover these.

¹ Funeral oration over the Bishop, M. Briand, appointed instead of M. Mongolfier.

IV.

Neither illness nor domestic troubles of her own were wanting to the saviour of the Hôpital General of Montreal. For some seven years previous to her entering upon this great undertaking she had been more or less of a cripple with an injured knee. Another illness, in the midst of one of the earlier removals of her *protégées* and infant community, brought her nearly to death's door. A son of hers occasioned her much financial trouble, and in 1759 she lost her first and greatest friend, M. Normant, by death. She herself died at the end of December, 1771, after an attack of paralysis.

Numerous as were the good works undertaken before the decease of their foundress by the Sisters of Charity of Villemarie, it was not until later that the houses of the Order began to multiply. For the rest it may suffice to remark that the "Grey Nuns" have ever since been identified with the spread of the Catholic Church in Canada. They were soon found on the Red River at Fort Garry, and everywhere they have followed the Oblate Fathers in their missions to the Indians.

The body of Madame d'Youville lies beneath the floor of a side chapel in the church of the big convent in the Rue Guy at Montreal, the spot being marked by a simple headstone let into the wall. Not far away hangs the famous picture she caused to be painted of the *Père Eternel*, intimating to those of her daughters who traverse the streets of that city on errands similar to those of the Sisters of Nazareth and the Little Sisters of the Poor at home here in London, that absolute trust in the Providence of the Eternal Father was to inform all their life and work. That she herself never realized the project she had once desired, of arranging for an endowment for the "Hospital," only threw her back with a faith more invincible than ever on this, at once the great principle and explanation of all her undertakings. She actually completed the purchase of *Châteauguay*, an estate which could not possibly become remunerative for some years, on the day when fire had razed her Hospital to the ground, destroyed the fruit of so many labours, and left her without resources. The actions of the saints, we are told, are often more to be admired than imitated. Well for us if disinterestedness, prudence, self-sacrifice and fidelity like theirs underlie our philanthropic efforts, and entitle us to such confidence, and may justify it! It chanced once that there did not remain in the

whole of that vast establishment Madame d'Youville had built up, the wherewithal to complete a purchase of some butter at the door. Yet the butter was paid for in an hour or two's time—and the Hospital continued to exist. "Toujours à la veille de manquer de tout," she said, "nous ne manquons jamais."

Neither the life of Madame d'Youville nor the labours she undertook for the poor and the sick are unique in the annals of Christian charity; her faith in providence is only more striking than that of others because she trusted it so completely, and allowed matters of very mundane import and of everyday, weighty, business concern to stand or fall by it alone. Here we have the secret of the charm of this little known biography for anyone much saddled with the responsibilities or harassed by the difficulties of any piece of practical philanthropy. The mere business details in the life of such a woman have as much encouragement to offer as any other aspects of her story. The book lay upon the desk in the "office" of a newly-founded little cottage hospital out on the Canadian prairie last summer, with bills for lumber and labour and salaries and food growing in sheaves on the files all around it, and preached a lesson of confidence, despite a very low balance at the bank, which also was justified now and again by those instances of human generosity and charity that mark all such work, and which it would be faithless indeed not to regard as interpositions of the Providence of God.

ELIZABETH WALMSLEY.

The Master-Song.

Walther. So wär's nicht Traum, doch Dichterei?
Sachs. Sind Freunde beid', steh'n gern sich bei.

The Meistersinger.

"I HAVE the gravest doubts," said Lindisfarne, "whether we ought to go to Nuremberg."

"But why?" I questioned, obstinately. By some fluke, I had never seen Nuremberg, and I was passionately anxious to get the real setting of Wagner's *Meistersinger*, which I love beyond nearly all other music in the world. So I had come down one morning altogether on to the notion of going home that way.

For we were staying at Rome (the southernmost we got after that visit to Perugia), in the Diana Hotel, a place hearse-like with respectability. The walls were plastered with photographs of ecclesiastics—there was one even in my bathroom, but I turned it face to the wall; *Il Mulo* lay about, dismally inefficient even to outbray its rival; at every turn a pious horarium greeted you: no seminary could have been more solemn.

Happy thoughts there were a rarity, and I was disappointed that Dolly seemed not to catch on to mine. But when I absent-mindedly (as it proved) asked why he thought he oughtn't to do Nuremberg, I perceived that both he and Angela turned pink and smiled like children.

"That's where I met the young lady," said Dolly.

"That's where him and me started walkin' out," said Angela, playing up.

"So Nuremberg is a Holy Place."

"Which mustn't be visited casually."

"But," they said both together; and "if you're bent upon it," she added; "If you're really keen," he said.

Really they were wildly excited at the idea of going back.

"I am!" I cried. "I'll be good. I really will. I'll be all

tenderness and tactfulness and leave the halo unspoilt. . . .
And I won't argue: I'll just tell you things. . . ."

So that was settled.

Now I hate leaving Rome more than any place in the world, and I'm home-sick after it for at least a week. I spend the last day of each visit there wandering about and just letting Rome get *at* me. Of course Rome lives; and the focus of its life is St. Peter's Dome. That is itself alive—I mean, the sheer stone cupola. . . . Go up early to the Quirinal; stand near the stamping stone horses and their stalwart grooms and the spouting water, with your back to the tawny Palace. There opposite you, beneath the delicate blue morning, is the Dome, nonchalant, cumbrous, yet brilliant; primrose-yellow shadowed with lavender; the Papal power obstinately fronting the layman. Climb the Palatine, when you have done with that. Stand on the terrace overhanging the Forum; drink it all in: Capitol, Colosseum, the Basilicas, the Arches. Eliminate all that isn't pagan. Then pace back across the garden and look from the other terrace, between the cypress-trees and the Cæsar-heads and columns. There, in a sky grey and quivering with the noon, hangs the Dome, sun-bleached into the ghost of itself, yet menacing to expel and absorb the pagan pride of life, and to transform the Empire. And at sunset mount the Pincian. Look past the Piazza, populous with ghosts; beyond the Obelisk and the tombs of Augustus and of Hadrian; there hangs the Dome, purple-black against the glory; the sun flares terribly through the windows of the drum, and leaves the cupola detached, a canopy above that Tomb which concentrates in itself and synthesizes the lives of pagan Rome, and every one of the many Christian Romes, and the Rome of nowadays.

Hence St. Peter's is eternal and universal in its implications, and governs and transcends history.

But the afternoon I spend inside the church. I cross our smug piazza with its stumpy obelisk poised on the elephant. I leave the Inquisition and its rivals behind me and pass before the Pantheon. I pray for the desolate shades there buried. I wish they could escape, through the circle of blue sky, from the vault of that vast sarcophagus. I zig-zag, so as to look in at Sant' Agostino's Madonna, and beg that the future may bring forth a little consolation; I reach the river and inhale its muddy scent. The statued bridge: the frowning prison-tomb. The narrow street, and the vast piazza. I

make straight across it and mount the slope which feels to me always like the supreme curve of the earth's globe, crowned with this tremendous summing-up, St. Peter's.

Well, I go in and breathe the Petrine air and accustom my eyes to the unique and Petrine light. For St. Peter's is a world, with its own earth and heaven, and sounds and scents and soul. Not I would dwell on this and that—and argue dates and sizes and architects and artists, and names of kings and popes. It is all Peter. Peter is there at the roots, in his starry tomb. Peter shines in the skiey altitudes of his dome, and the terrific Promise thunders round and round it. Peter's is the Chair upheaved by the four gigantic heroes; in Peter is reared each mountainous column. Buttressed by him all these kings crowd the walls with their coffins; escutcheon above escutcheon repeats the tiara and the keys from balustrade to roof; the radiance pouring across the gold window of the Holy Ghost, reveals what is the one life-making of this place one Peter, one Church, one Christ.

Looking away in thought, it came as a shock, a thing scarcely believable, that, with this titanic incarnation of the centuries in the world, there should be pigmy claimants clamorous for share in its inheritance. That with this serene and imperial Majesty even one malapert *parvenu* should compete. Here undoubtedly was the only reality of its kind—the real thing—blighting the pretence out of the amateurs, like sunlight shining upon painted flames. Here lived the tremendous Dogma, articulate and coherent in itself, and reconstructive of the whole universe, threading it upon its own Interpretation; knitting it together with its Law; and infusing it with its life. . . .

I went outside, on to the roof and up the Dome to make sure that all this impression wasn't merely due to the superb *mise-en-scène* of the interior. No, it survived. Up here you could see that this church was a very human edifice. The huge statues of the façade were coarse and violent and clasped together with massive iron rivets. The roof was meanly covered with flaky sun-scorched tiles. The curving lines of the Dome made me sick and giddy; you could easily slide off this bubble of stone and lead, and shoot into the gulf and be brought smashing on to the cobbles. . . You could walk round this universal Church, as well as get above it and look down on it; over there were the jumbled buildings of the Vatican, all the angles awry, card-houses carelessly put up. There

were its well-like courts; its garden, like a carpet from up here, with tiny basins absinthe-coloured, where a stationary white fleck told that fountain-water fell. There were the stripes of brilliant gravel, leading up to where the silly gothic spire of the grotto defied all decency, yet scarcely worse, in its pert modernism, than the spider-web of an iron bridge, spanning the valley to the Observatory. And there lived the eternal Pope,—yes! there he was himself, pacing the gravel, a tiny white point with black and magenta points around it. . . .

"O no, decidedly," I felt, as I descended the stairs and came out finally in the Piazza, "it wasn't hallucination. This is the human palace, humanly pompous and pretentious, of the divine Church. On this hill she settled, and here she lives, dressed by the centuries and indifferent to their fashions. Here she is, committed to history, to personages and events, to laws and theories and institutions; built about with brick and marble, gold and palaces and tombs and altars, relics and books, priests and monks and Swiss Guards. . . .

I saluted the immense sheafs of rushing water as I passed. So still was the evening that no veil of diamond spray drifted across my face as I stood, not on the round stone, and did last homage to the forest of columns of which I wished to see each one. Then I took a cab and drove to the Colonna restaurant where I met Dolly and Angela; and after our iced coffee we made for my evening visit to the Pincian.

Dolly knows I like to go to Holy Communion, on my last day at Rome, at the *Tre Fontane*. So, very early (for the few Trappist Masses at San Paolo are early), we drove off, the three of us, into the tingling air. I cannot tell you how, after the dank hotel, that air seemed the air of Eden! Sometimes, when you are swimming in bright and bubbling water, the cool deliciousness seems to pour right *through* you as well as round you. Well, it was like that then, and the fairy gold of the sunlight and the magical sky transfigured everything. Or, perhaps, they themselves were transfigured, for near Rome, to me, everything is touched with the Spirit, and cannot be just itself. To some, they say, the whole world in all its details construes itself in terms of money, or of sex: so to me, near Rome, I can only say that a special Spirit broods over or glows through every detail, transfiguring it and making it significant. The garden gateways, the honeysuckle and the showers of pale pink roses, the birds, and

the insistent bells—for as we passed San Paolo fuori le Mura, that great Altar of Worship raised in a desert place, its campanile was melodious for Mass—a Spirit of Christianity is in all that, and it first quells me and then gives me wings.

The church was absolutely bare, absolutely silent save for the rare movements of the devout little colony who had gathered round the monks. Through the pierced windows the breeze sailed carrying the whisper of the eucalyptus leaves streaming like loose tresses around the slender naked trunks. And the birds were singing; yet none of this disturbed the essential silence. The Mass proceeded; we mingled with the peasants at the altar-rails. The silence deepened, the walls seemed to waver and grow thin beneath the pressure of the Presence which was the supreme reality within them.

We left the church and passed up the little path through the wood to where the three sources plashed and gurgled beneath the pavement. St. Paul stood over us; it was easy to speak with him; he blessed us, and we were given to drink of the water which gushed where his martyred body had lain. Here just as at Thamugadi the fountain of water gushed, the vital Spirit.

We hadn't talked on the way out, but, as we drove back, Angela said to me:

"Why are you so especially fond of Tre Fontane?"

"Because it's St. Paul!" I cried. "O Angela [the poor dear was listening to it for the hundredth time], isn't it *wicked* the way we neglect St. Paul? I deny he's obscure; I deny he's foreign, or Rabbinical, or of another world. Of course our translations murder him, even the Anglican. But then, why not read him in Greek? Why shouldn't all Catholics be bound to learn Greek? Anyhow, *if* one learns Greek, why use it to read Thucydides and not St. Paul? Oh dear. . . . It's sheer spirit he is; vital Christianity," said I, recovering my breath. "And so's St. John."

"Yes," she said. "Then why not go to St. John's before the Latin Gate? It's so much nearer. That's renewal of life, with a vengeance."

"Because the story doesn't appeal to me equally," I said.

"And so you won't have anything to do with it?" she concluded mischievously.

"*Ecco*," said I.

"What does *Ecco* mean?" she asked.

"Behold," said I, "or 'Lo.'"

"Now you're teasing me," she complained.

"Well," said I, "who began it? Now let's start all over again. I like San Paolo but not San Giovanni."

"Well; but why Tre Fontane? Why not the Fuori le Mura?"

"I like Fuori le Mura," I said, "because it's so splendidly useless save as a House of God. An Altar for Worship. An enormous church there with no one but an innkeeper or two living near it. . . . But it's a bit self-conscious and noisy, you know. Now Tre Fontane is clean and cold and empty and elemental. Just the bare necessary channel for the divine water."

"Like a mosque," she murmured, mischievous once more.

"Hush," I said, "it's what St. John saw in Paradise—the river of life, and around it, the trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. I refer, need I say, to the eucalyptus, whose property it is to prevent malaria." With Angela I was often forced to talk like this.

"Silly boy," she said gently, seeing right through me. And she patted my hand.

"I know I seem to you very far-fetched and fantastic," said I penitently, "but it's my character, also my abominable education."

"Not fantastic. Perhaps a little vapoury," she said. "I tremble to think of your reflections in St. Peter's yesterday. But you got a very good education, even though it wasn't at a nice Catholic school."

"Abominable, my dear sister," I repeated. "Shocking. They tried to stuff me into all the conventional strait-waist-coats, and when I squealed, they chucked me. All that was me, they merely hurt, and never did one kind thing to it. That happens nowadays. The only people who can educate are savages and monks, if there are any real monks left. But that's off the point. As for St. Peter's yesterday, I'll tell you this. The sum total of those vapourings was: Soul tombed in Flesh, yet living and giving life to its sarcophagus. To-day is: Spirit, the soul within the soul. . . ."

"Look," she cried, "there's Michael waving from the window."

The kid had indeed heard Dolly toot as the car glided round to the Diana, and there he leaned, waving a white and yellow flag from the grim façade. . . .

"One moment," I said to her rapidly. "I mean, Com-

munion. The mystic Christ in the world—in you and me—*Corpus Domini custodiat animam nostram*. . . . His body guards our soul; His life inside ours and ours inside His."

And in the street, plumb before the haughty janitor, she leant and kissed me, and knocked my glasses off. But her own eyes were full of tears.

She's the best of sisters.

We arrived in Nuremberg late at night. I spent the next morning as usual, wandering about alone, getting the brute topography of the town into my head and not bothering about the meaning of anything. This is to prevent my direct appreciation of the facts, afterwards, being interfered with by artificial recalling of them *as* just facts. One must, first, get a general impression; then, cut it up into details and study each of them. Then, put them together again into a whole and enjoy it. And you enjoy it best by climbing a hill (or going up in a balloon) and getting a *vue d'ensemble*. That's the way to know a Town.

So in the evening we climbed up to the Terrasse in the citadel and there sat down on the wooden bench, by the rampart, like the trippers we were.

The air was full of late afternoon sunlight, and the busy sounds of the old German city came joyfully up to us. It was curious how peaceful and domestic it all was, despite the grim associations of the buildings round us. You felt, so close at your back, the Fünfeckiges Turm, with its panels tapestried with torture-prints, its hideous engines, and the Iron Woman holding silent court in her lonely chamber. Grim too was the crowning Vestnerturm near the well with its black unfathomed heart; and grimmer still the squat round turret by the Frauentor. All these dominated the two great castles, even as these in their turn dominated, hoary and truculent, the elaborate Gothic town. Yet, for all that florid richness of renaissance work, it too should have seemed to me, I fancied, more austere than in fact it did; for the terrific gates and ancient scutcheons and iron-work of the castle were carried down into the city; the bridges over islanded Pegnitz were sombre as never Venice bridges are; the high-pitched roofs with tiers of dormer windows made the eaves into one black frown: iron was everywhere, in elaborate grilles and spikes, round the fountains, round the shrines, fencing the Schöner Brunnen where it stood exquisite in the stone market-

place, like any shielded nun. Even those miracles of German medievalism, the Sebalduskirche and the St. Lorenzkirche (unshorn, even in their Lutheran divorce, of the ornaments of Christ's spouse) were so full of the painted coat-armour of long pedigrees that they made you think of soldiering, and you remembered the bloody frays that had exiled the divine Guest from His Sacrament-houses. Perhaps, just the gentler memory of the Frauenkirche, still Catholic, still inhabited by the sorrowful Mother and her Son, brought back the air of peace.

Naturally the serene and stately music of Hans Sachs recurred to me, and of how the severe, depressed *motif* of his meditation emerged into its sunlit calm.

Wie friedsam, treuer Sitten
Getrost in Tat und Werk
Liegt nicht in Deutschlands Mitten
Mein liebes Nürnberg.

I hummed this unconsciously.

"I suppose," said Dolly, "that's the *Meistersinger*."

"You can't possibly have forgotten that," said Angela.

For she had taken Dolly, once, to a solid course of Wagner, and expected him to be as well up as anyone in *motifs*.

"Well, dear old thing," said he, "as I told you before, I'd been out all day in the car, that day; and it made me so jolly sleepy that I only woke up now and then, when the Seven Sleepers would have woken up."

"Don't repeat the populace," she said, "and say that Wagner's loud."

"Well," said he, "I'm not first-rate at German, and really I couldn't catch on to the story."

"It's not so much a story," said I, "as a philosophy. The old *Meistersinger* had a monopoly of poetry and music and song and divine things generally, and you were only allowed to sing and so on according to endless rules and regulations that had been handed down, and the poor spirit's wings were being broken and disabled inside iron frame-works."

"So I gathered," he said.

"And you remember the stolid old poet-burgers—dear worthy old chaps, without an ounce of imagination between them, but jolly good at their very specialized business, galumphing about—POM! POM, pom-POM"—said I suddenly,

as the robust music streamed up around me—"you know."

"Yes, he knows that part," said Angela. "And do look out, Charles; we aren't alone up here."

"Right," said I. "And then along comes the excellent Knight Walther of Stolzing, and he falls slick in love with the lovely Eva, who's to marry whichever of the Masters sings the prize-song at the song contest. So he determines *he'll* sing it."

"So he did," said Dolly. "I remember it quite well. Sort of haunted me. Sort of manly and mystic and victorious and bird-like all together."

"Got it, Dolly: got the very point. But now look! what inspired him? You remember he didn't know a single rule, and how he fumed and fretted when the apprentice told him how to stitch a song together, first one bit, then another, then the conclusion—and how he swore he wasn't a cobbler. . . .? And how he kept going wrong at first, and how they all jeered him down and covered a blackboard with his mistakes?"

"Crusty old chaps, I thought," said he. "And didn't like the aristocrat coming and shoving his oar in. Fine old middle-class, though, what? Backbone —."

"O shut up," I said. "Remember how he'd read the old Minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide in the snow-locked castle? and how he told him of the coming spring, and how, when spring *did* come, the whole green wood rang with new music to his ears, and how the finches and thrushes "taught him how to sing it"? And then his actual spring-song? the return of life, of life-fever, of bounding blood? Of the great cry through the woods and the flood of echoing praise from the hills and dales; and the thrilling, wakeful night?"

"Yes," he said, doubtfully. "And the first act ended with a most clinking dance, I remember," he added, to make up.

"The jolly, coarse life of the apprentices," said Angela. "A different sort of freedom. But both ideals are a little bit undisciplined, I fear."

I sighed.

"But what I'm afraid you mayn't have noticed, Dolly," I said, "is how the prize-song is forming itself all the way through the Opera. It's not only his freshness of soul, and his love of the spring and the woods that taught him, but his splendour of love for Eva, whenever he thinks of her; and when the thought of spontaneous love-worship rises in any

mind around him, that same delicate music comes whispering up, like a sunbeam through mists, only what it pierces *here* is solid dull stuff, not misty. D'you remember the fine organ-music at the very beginning, and how, when he looks at Eva, the majestic movements falter and pass into tremulous desire? From key to key—little sobs, little gasps, half-formed rhythms and phrases, all growing firmer and fuller as the play goes on."

"I didn't see that," he said.

"It's so," I answered. "Then came the evening scene when they sat down there outside the houses under the elder trees—all sunset and sweet perfume and quiet sounds. And Eva and her father come out and he keeps asking her if she feels no thrill of joy at the marriage of to-morrow? '*Sagt dir kein Herzensschlag Welch Glück dich morgen treffen mag?*' Poor Eva! She wanted Walther, and there seemed no chance of *his* singing a prize-song and becoming the Master whom alone she could wed. Then out came Hans Sachs to sit beneath the elder trees, and he couldn't get Walther's mysterious music out of his brain. '*Und doch, 's will halt nicht geh'n, Ich fühl's, und kann's nicht versteh'n; Kann's nicht behalten, doch auch nicht vergessen: Und fass' ich es ganz, kann ich's nicht messen.*'"

"D'you know the play by heart?" said Angela.

"Bits," I said. "All that means anything."

"By Jove," said Dolly suddenly. "Was that the Hans Sachs whose house we saw this afternoon?"

"Of course," said I. Dolly is still apt to be astonished when he finds history or theory entwined with present-day reality.

"And lots of people, I believe," said I, "don't realize how profoundly old Hans Sachs was in love with Eva himself. And how he writhed under her unconscious cajoleries and charming wheedling ways, when she wanted to get him to back up Walther, so that she might marry *him*. And of course Hans Sachs put himself out of sight, and managed it. Somehow, you know, Sachs was the real hero. He was 'poet and cobbler too.' He saw all that was beautiful and free and eternal and spiritual in Walther's music, and also, all that was necessary and desirable in the old rules and discipline, and he understood and combined them both, and sacrificed nothing but his own self-will and satisfaction."

"But, by Jove," said Dolly again. "This is a—well, not

tragedy, but a kind of Gospel. I thought the *Meistersinger* was a comedy."

"It's a philosophy of life," said I. "And so it's bound to be nearly all *une comédie*. The great modern act of faith is, that life's not a farce."

"Oh Choggles, Choggles," said Dolly, laughing gently.

As for Angela, she put her left hand on my knee, and her right through Dolly's arm, and said "*Cher ami*," smiling, to the horizon.

"Then came Walther," I went on, "half mad with rage at his ruling-out by the Masters with their rules and regulations, and wanted to carry off Eva in spite of all law of God and man. And Hans Sachs defeated that by singing that delicious cobbler's song, and saved them from that fatality, and also from the outrageous rivalry of Beckmesser, and then there's riot, and then the watchman's hushing of the whole town into sleep. . ."

"I remember the riot *some*," said Dolly. "Not much sleep for anyone just then. . ."

"Then," said I, disregarding him, "comes Hans Sachs's great meditation on all this rivalry and jealousy and personal rancour, and the madness of our human postponement of all the real issues to these pettinesses. Poor Walther returns, still all bitterness. He relates his dream—not from the Masters could *that* vision rise! '*Von der Zunft und ihren Meistern, Wollt' sich mein Traumbild nicht begeistern.*' And Sach's gentle answer: '*Mein Freund, in holden Jugendzeit.*' Springtime, inspiration, enchantment. Yes, but let him also learn the rules; he will find strength in them. . . . They were fashioned by Masters, after all, for whom the world had no use, who yet were yearning, in their austere old age, to recapture vanished spring and hold it for ever, and refresh their parched soul in the cool water. . . . in the Spirit. . . And he, a 'soul-thirsty' man, will teach Walther the rules in his own way—and give them new meaning. Half pacified, Walther sings the Song—Sachs corrects it here and there—it becomes a Master-Song."

"I should think it does," said Dolly. "I tell you it haunted me."

"And, you remember, it conquered; not insolently, though to the end it galled Walther to be hailed 'Master' by the bourgeois. He won Eva—but he wanted to remain just Sir Walther—Himself. Hans Sachs brought him safe into

the friendship, the comradeship of the Guild . . . into the German tradition. . . No work of Wagner's seems to me so thoroughly German as the *Meistersinger*."

They didn't want to talk any more, and neither did I; but we sat looking at the peaceful town of reconciliation, Angela's hands still on my knee and through Dolly's arm. Obviously those two were thinking of one another, and presumably of the little Michael, who, handed over to a family of cousins in the Alban Hills, was doubtless just now engaged upon the preliminaries of bed-time. I wondered into what this child of the new age would grow—with Angela for his mother and Dolly for his father—and me—yes, me!—for his god-papa. Anyhow, upon no child of prayer could more blessings have been called down from the universal Father.

We were all at Mass next day in the Frauenkirche. In the dark old church the far older rite went forward. Through antique formula and gesture the undying Spirit, which forbade even these to die, expressed itself; and on the altar, to which the eternal sacrifice imparted its eternity, lived for a brief space the Word which existed in the beginning with God, and was God, and tabernacled amongst men. The Word became flesh; the Highest conjoined itself with the lowest; the Absolute, intermingling with the contingent and the relative, effected the supreme marriage; flesh and spirit are for all time linked, and there exists upon earth the supreme divine synthesis, the Church, the Plenitude, Immanuel.

A little in front of me knelt Dolly and Angela; their thoughts with one another, and with God. And, still, with the small Michael. But even he, by virtue of his very name, asked *Quis Ut Deus?* and the answer could but be that there was none like God. Hence my own thoughts went back to the Word's great Descent throughout creation, and because I was tired, this Frauenkirche, consecrate to the Virgin-Mother, made me pass from the memory of Mary to that of Eve, and of Eva, and of Hans Sachs, and of Nuremberg. And with all reverence I prayed in Eva's words:

Was ohne deine Liebe
Was wär' ich ohne dich,
Ob je auch Kind ich bliebe,
Erwecktest du nicht mich?
Durch dich gewann ich was man preis't,
Durch dich ersann ich, was ein Geist;
Durch dich erwacht', durch dich nur dacht'
Ich edel, frei, und kühn;
Du liessest mich erblühn.

But whether I meant that Nuremberg, or dear Dolly and dear Angela, or Mary and her Son, or just this Mass, or my late lessoning by St. Peter's, by San Paolo, and Hans Sachs, should finally awaken me to the full knowledge that freedom went best in bonds, and that the Spirit triumphed ever, and most utterly, in flesh, I could not, as yet, quite say.

C. C. M.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

Mr. Hall Caine and his Catholic friends.

MR. HALL CAINE, of course, knows all about the Catholic Church. To begin with, he knows all about everything in general and naturally about the Catholic Church in particular. Besides, has he not written *The Eternal City*, of which, as per advertisement, 702,212 copies of English editions have been sold to date? Can we suppose that the educated British public would have bought all these thousands of copies if the writer were not an authority upon the subject of which he is treating? But to remove any lingering doubt, a flaming prospectus, widely circulated among the Catholic clergy and others, to boom Mr. Caine's new plea for divorce, *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, tells us, as it were confidentially:

Mr. Hall Caine is a non-Catholic, but no non-Catholic has shown a deeper sympathy with the Catholic Church. Many of the foremost of the Catholic clergy are his intimate personal friends.

"Deep sympathy"! "Intimate personal friends"! Really this rather takes one's breath away. But Brutus, we must assume, is an honourable man, so are they all, all honourable men. If Mr. Caine and his publishers tell us so, we must believe that our novelist not only possesses Catholic acquaintances like other people, but that he numbers *many* of the foremost Catholic clergy—perhaps the Pope himself; who knows? He must be gratefully conscious that Mr. Caine spoke very handsomely of him in *The Eternal City*—among his *intimate* personal friends. However, accepting all this, as in duty bound, may we suggest that Mr. Caine would do well to consult these intimate friends a little more frequently when he is writing of the practices of the Catholic Church?

The first sentence of his new book is typical. The heroine, Mary O'Neill, who "is a devoted Catholic" (see advertisement) commences her story with these words:

"Out of the depths, O Lord, out of the depths," begins the most beautiful of the services of our Church, and it is out of the depths of my life, that I must bring the incidents of this story.

We wonder what the service is which begins: "Out of the depths, O Lord, out of the depths." The *De profundis* seems to loom curiously large in Mr. Caine's impressions of Catholic devotion. He regards it apparently as the most appropriate prayer for great festivals (see p. 375) and all emergencies. Thus the hero of the story tells us how, amid antarctic snows on Christmas morning,

I dug out my little prayer book that my mother had put into my kit going away, and we all stood round bareheaded in the snow and I read the prayers for the day, the first and second Vespers, and *Laudate Dominum* and then *De profundis*.

The London audience to whom Martin recounted this on his return are said in the story to have been moved to tears by this touching piece of pathos. The local colouring of the "First and second Vespers" is quite masterly and so characteristic of Irish devotion. It is almost as affecting as Little Billee's recital of the "Catechism, which my dear mother taught to me" in Thackeray's ballad.

But perhaps it is the service of Benediction over which Mr. Caine goes most hopelessly wrong. Mary O'Neill's mother was for several years confined to the house by illness, and Mary tells us:

Benediction was the only service of our Church which I knew, being the one my mother loved best and could do most of for herself in the solitude of her invalid room.

Later in the book the Reverend Mother of a "cloistered Order" in Rome, who strangely enough happens to be wandering about Ireland alone and unattended, and is for the moment resident at the Plough Inn, is conversing with Mary herself as she lies ill in bed:

The Reverend Mother talked of Benediction. If she were in Rome she would be in church singing the *Ora pro nobis*.

"Let us sing it now. Shall we?" she said.

At the next moment her deep majestic contralto, accompanied by my own thin and quavering soprano, were sending out into

the silent air the holy notes which to me are like the reverberations of eternity.

Mater purissima, ora pro nobis
Mater castissima, ora pro nobis.

But in Rome, as we learn from p. 64, they not only sang "the *Ora pro nobis*," but also the *Ave Maris Stella* in Latin or English, or both together. And here is another description which bears witness to the penetration with which Mr. Caine discerns the true *ethos* of Catholic devotion at a glance:

It was Holy Week, the season of all seasons for devotion to the Sacred Heart, and our convent was palpitating with the joy of its spiritual duties, the many offices, the Masses for the repose of the souls in Purgatory, &c.

There would be much to say of many other things, for example of the author's singular views regarding the rule of life followed by Catholic nuns, but we have only room for this one extract regarding a Little Sister of the Poor:

Sister Mildred was my only friend in London, but she was practically cut off from me. The Little Sisters had fixed her up (in the interests of her work among the lost ones) in a tiny flat at the top of a lofty building near Piccadilly, where her lighted windows always reminded me of a lighthouse on the edge of a dangerous reef.

We must hasten to explain that by the words "fixed her up" the writer is not apparently thinking of the great immuring controversy. This somewhat slangy phraseology only manifests Mr. Caine's desire to bring himself down to the level of his readers' comprehension.

Of course if Mr. Caine's misconceptions of Catholic practice only affected his presentment of details such as those we have quoted, the matter would be of no great importance, but he is not a bit more sure in his grasp of the fundamental facts upon which the whole problem of the book turns. The marriage which he depicts as so cruelly indissoluble is after all one which might be annulled by a rare though not unprecedented exercise of the papal prerogative. Indeed, it might be more than plausibly argued, though of course the presumption would always stand for the validity of the accomplished fact, that the union between Mary and Lord Raa had been void from the beginning, owing to the existence of the diriment impediment of *vis et metus*, in other words terrorism. At best, Mr. Hall Caine's indictment of the indissolubility of

Catholic marriage is no more than a bit of special pleading founded on an extreme case of great intrinsic improbability. He might write just as effective a story to show that the universal prohibition of suicide, for example, may now and again in individual cases be attended with grievous hardships to many deserving people. Mr. Caine's gross ignorance of the inner life of the Church is much too manifest for us to fear that any particular harm will come to the Catholics who may chance to read his novel. But in view of the probable effect upon those who cannot judge for themselves, we strongly resent the insinuation that the book is written by one who of necessity knows all about Catholicism because he talks of the Church with patronizing condescension, and because he professes to be the intimate friend of some of her leading ecclesiastics prudently unnamed.

H. T.

Pious Jests.

Many besides Coventry Patmore have said, in various ways, that no man has really entered into possession of his religion until he can jest about it.

Jests are mysterious things, especially religious jests. There was a time when miracle and morality plays deliberately catered for laughter. This was because the human spirit, as relief from the strain of high awe, reverence, and worship, was willing to permit itself merriment and even a sanctified vindictiveness and the like, at the spectacle of the defeat of the Devil, the nemesis of Herod, or the hanging of Judas. There is again the jest which appeals to the robust Christian soul, say upon hell, or "mortals," or marriage, or the like. Partly this is just due to a bluff English bashfulness, which refuses to "give away" its deeper sentiments. Partly it is just coarseness of fibre; but rarely: for these people would not jest upon the supreme Personalities of their faith.

There is, moreover, the strange power possessed by not a few, of turning away their attention from everything save one chosen aspect of a complex fact. Such has to be the constant habit of casuists; of medical students; of art critics; of story-tellers. Perhaps this abstractive power, perhaps mere stupidity, made it possible, not so long ago, for it to be felt a merry outing to go to jeer at lunatics across their bars. . . .

There is, too, a certain naive familiarity with the holy City which reminds us of the "boys and girls playing in the streets

thereof "; and of the Innocents, with their crowns and palms beneath the celestial Altar. Nuns are often graced with this charming quality, and they shake threatening fingers at St. Joseph, or refuse to the Bambino of Prague his Sunday cope. Conscious adoption of this manner is detestable; we find Faber hard to stomach when he calls our Lady "Dearest Mama." *Madonnina* is quite different.

For there is, finally, a certain mysteriously quaint or humorous envisagement of august realities which is indubitably the spontaneous product of an absolutely vital faith. Thus jest (and thus, alas! blasphemy) those triple-dyed Catholics, the Neapolitans. To see them at work with San Gennaro is, in a sense, a liberal education. This mood is expressed in a story towards the end of Mr. Belloc's *Path to Rome*, and finds its perfect literary enshrinement in Baron Corvo's *In His Image*. (And since with this author the tears often enough so nearly underlie the laughter, we shall mention the brave merriment of those who feel that thus alone may the world's tragedy be faced.) That is a book which has caused some to pull long faces. Yet we have known of one who gave it regularly to all intending converts of his acquaintance. So might the temper of their faith be tested: if they rightly appreciated the stories, it was sound.¹

Therefore, how may one laugh at pious things? Aristotle would always have us smile at the Harmless Ugly. And by ugly, he means the disproportionate or incongruous. And when this strikes us suddenly, it shakes laughter from an untired mind. Now in all religious statement or action, there is a strong human coefficient, and thus an incongruity and a disproportion. Anything on the merely intellectual or practical plane is bound to be indefinitely disproportionate to the Divine: and some notions, some actions, what we call "ludicrously" inadequate. Why, even lovers know that their self-expression may seem folly to others and even to themselves. Yet they "can no other."

There are individuals, and even whole categories of men, whose temperament permits them to be aware of many aspects and values simultaneously. Their very appreciation of the

¹ And should perchance this page reach the Baron's eye, may the writer earnestly assure him that the poisoned figs, chopped though they were never so fine, yet were not enough—not half enough—to go round? And then, that was so long ago. . . . And then, another Angel administered an antidote and turned quite a number of the pebbles back into what they were before, and better. . . .

High Things of faith throws sudden floods of light, or diffuses an equable glow, upon their thoughts and actions in relation to the fact to which these are the response. Thus a tender smile, or even the "sudden glory" of a laugh, may be their tribute to the mysterious, pathetic, necessary inadequacies in their self-adjustment to high heaven, or in that of their fellow-men; or even in regard of issues more universal possibly than these. Legitimate, then, are such smiles, so they be never equivocal, or bitter, or cynical, or silly; but compassionate, awe-struck, child-like, and grateful, and expansive in the sweet air of liberty.

The problem remains: How shall we smile in Heaven?

N. K.

The Worst Index in the World

We devoted a page or two in a recent number of THE MONTH to the shortcomings of indexes, not excepting those of certain expensive modern histories issued under scholarly auspices. None the less, we are far from doubting that a wide gulf separates even the most unintelligent handiwork of the professional index-maker of our own day from the extraordinary *pot-pourri* of names and subjects which often satisfied the publisher of two centuries ago. Not long since we chanced to stumble upon a specimen which, so far as our experience extends, seems to justify the heading prefixed to this paragraph. For the mere curiosity of its unparalleled ineptness it may be worth while to give a short account of it here. It occurs in sections at the close of each volume of a rather pretentious edition, copiously illustrated with full-page engravings copied from Dutch sources, of a standard Spanish work, *Historia General de las Indias Occidentales*, by Antonio de Herrera, printed at Antwerp in 1728. Two alphabetical indexes, each announcing itself as a "Table of the most notable matters" (*tabla de las cosas mas notables*) contained in the various "Decades" or books of which the history is composed, occupy together the last 25 pages or so of the successive volumes. So far as the typography goes, there seems nothing to complain of, but the arrangement is remarkable in the extreme. A glance at the letter E for example shows that it is one of the longest divisions of the alphabet and upon a nearer inspection we find that it owes this pre-eminence to the fact that the bulk of the doings of "The Admiral" (Columbus), the King, or the Pope (*El Almirante, El Rey or El Papa*) are grouped under the initial of the article, together

with various events which occurred "*In the Indies*" or "*In Peru*" (*En las Indias, En el Peru*). L is also a very prominent letter and this is due to the fact that Queen Isabella is often referred to as *La Reyna* and the Indies or the friars as *Las Indias* or *Los frayles*. Under N we get a number of clauses beginning in the Spanish manner with *no* (i.e., not), e.g., *No son sienpre los vientos de una manera* (the winds do not always blow one way). Under C are arranged numerous clauses beginning with *Como* (how), e.g., *Como curavan los Indios à los enfermos* (How the Indians tended the sick), while Q is similarly swollen with entries beginning with *Que* (that), and the old-fashioned spellings *qual* and *quando* (for *cual* and *cundo*), e.g., *Que Mexico parecia mucho a Venezia* (that Mexico is much like Venice). On the other hand G is chiefly recruited by such headings as "Great storm in Darien" (*Gran tempestad in Darien*), "Great devotion of the Indians to our Lady," &c.

What seems to have happened is simply this: Throughout the book we find printed in the margin a series of excellent side notes summarizing very briefly the substance of the text. The index-maker has discharged his task by simply copying out the side notes on slips of paper. Now, if he had pursued the plan of underlining in each entry the significant word and using this as the basis of the alphabetical arrangement we should have had a very fair piece of work which would have been of practical use. But instead of that he has taken each entry as it stood and determined its alphabetical position according to the initial letter. One would have thought that once the absurdity of this was pointed out a complete change of system would have resulted, but in the later volumes the index-maker, while modifying his system so far as to disregard articles like *El* and *Lo* and titles like *Dom* and *Fray*, still clings to his system when he comes across a Licentiate or a Bishop, &c. Licenciado Carvajal or Licenciado Frias are entered under L, not under C or F, while the Bishops of Guatemala or Cuença, or Cuzco, as often as they appear, are indexed not under their names or sees but under Obispo (Bishop). To the very last Q maintains its relatively high score by including such entries as *Que no se lleven libros prohibitos à las Indias* (That forbidden books were not to be taken to the Indies). Perhaps, however, something ought to be forgiven to a Spanish index-maker on account of the portentous difficulty of dealing with Spanish family names which almost always are at least double-barrelled.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Educational Outlook.

FOR a long time the Government has kept us in the dark as to the character of its prospective Educational Legislation, but on July 22nd, in asking leave to introduce a small stop-gap Bill required to relieve the financial embarrassments of the Local Authorities, but since withdrawn, Mr. Pease lifted the curtain slightly, so as to allow us to see something of what is in store for us. The insight has not been of a character to allay the anxieties of those parents who desire for their children an effective religious education in accordance with their convictions. Yielding to the political strength of the Nonconformist vote, Mr. Pease has, it seems, determined to cast our poor children into the fiery jaws of this modern Moloch of secularist education. The hackneyed misrepresentation, so often refuted by solid arguments which no attempt has ever been made to rebut save by loud reassertions, is brought out again, and we are told, just as if it were a manifest and universally admitted fact, that "the Government were bound to do their utmost to redress the balance between the parties which was so heavily weighted on one side by the Act of 1902." Heavily weighted indeed! Yes, certainly it was, and against our side, as we have felt to our heavy cost during all these years. For have we not been compelled to build schools for ourselves on the most expensive scale, and in addition, to pay our quota of rates for the building of another set of expensive schools, not for our own use, but for that of the other side, who themselves do but pay their quota of the rates? And this overweighting of the scale opposed to us, on the plea of fairness to the other side, to the side which wants to have all to itself, is to be made worse. "For the present, at all events, the voluntary school must remain part of the educational fabric," which seems to mean "but not a moment longer than can be helped." "But they recognized that, if any parent desired his child should be educated in the freer atmosphere of a provided school under popular control, his wishes must be met either by bringing the school to the child, or by taking the child to the school." They recognized that the Nonconformist or agnostic parent should receive this consideration, but did it not occur to them to recognize that a Catholic parent was worthy of similar consideration? No, his child must be delivered over to "the freer atmosphere of the provided school," freer, we suppose in the sense that the child's teacher in such a school may be kindly disposed towards its religion, but may just as well be a Clifford or a Blatchford, eager to practise on its childish simplicity and help-

lessness, and labour to wean it from attachment to the faith for which its parents and forefathers have made such sacrifices.

**Nonconformists
will suffer most.**

We have no intention on this occasion to argue out again what has been argued so often and so effectively in many a Catholic paper and on many a Catholic platform, on behalf of our schools and in defence of our right to keep them. The Government has the power, and, to judge from Mr. Pease's disclosure, has the will to destroy them, if not by an open attack, at least by the more sure method of administrative pressure steadily applied. Our people will, of course, resist, by every lawful means, urged on by a deep sense of what this fearful peril will mean for their children; and, as under the leadership of their Bishops, their action will be united and enduring, the task of those who seek thus to use public money to suppress them will not be easy. At the same time, we wish it always to be clearly understood that we desire the same fairness of treatment which we claim for ourselves to be extended to all others. We desire, as was more than once said at Plymouth, to live with them on terms of cordiality, and if they desire Cowper-Temple teaching for their own children, it is not we who will wish to prevent them. Only we marvel that they do not perceive that this system they are forcing on the Government is one which, from its nature, must do their children perhaps even more harm than it will do to ours. They are already lamenting over the scanty attendance at their Sunday schools and the incompetence of so many of the teachers they can enlist in the service of their Sunday schools. It is strange to us that they do not see the connection between this falling off of their children from the one institution for their religious training on which they place all their reliance, and the religious teaching and atmosphere of the Provided Schools where their children spend their week-days. To us at all events it is evident that the ultimate arbiters of the teaching in these schools will not be the Nonconformists, but the Indifferentists and the Atheists, and that it will be most difficult to prevent the children from taking their religious shape from that of their teachers. So far as it is possible to counteract this school teaching it will be done by us, for we have more hold on our children than have the other denominations. But we too shall lose many of them.

**Matters of
Public Health.**

This summer the doctors have been conspicuously to the fore. In the last week of July the British Medical Association had its annual meeting at Brighton. In the first week of August the Seventeenth International Congress of Medicine was

opened in London, and we have had, besides, a Conference on Infant Mortality, one on Tuberculosis, and one on Cancer Research. Of course, the International Congress far surpassed all the rest both in number and importance. Most of the leaders of medical research from all lands took part in it. It is thirty-two years since it was last held in London. In that previous Congress Sir James Paget presided, and Pasteur, Virchow, Charcot, Koch, Vollmann, Langenbeck, Huxley and Lister were present. Sir William Barlow, the President of this year's Congress, began his Opening Address by praising the great leaders of medical and surgical science in the past, and singled out Pasteur, Lister and Koch, as men apart from whose work "how poverty-stricken would have been the output of medicine and surgery in this Congress of 1913?" "But there was no reason for thinking the race of great leaders had died out; only they had attained a glorious heritage of lofty and magnificent table-land of well-ordered and correlated knowledge." We laymen have reason indeed to be grateful to the profession which has made such a splendid advance in the science of healing our ailments, but for most of us the proceedings of this International Congress are too technical for our comprehension. A few things, however, stand out, not from this International Congress only, but from it and the other Conferences mentioned which deserve to be mentioned among the topics of the month.

**A case for
State control.**

One naturally dislikes the modern tendency to overdo the State Inspection which makes such inroads into the privacy of life. Still it is necessary at times, indeed, not unfrequently; and it does seem intolerable that, while other serious diseases have to be notified, a plague "the horrible dangers of which," as Lord Morley put it in his speech at the Government Banquet, "are transmitted in the dark through generation after generation of a community." One must agree with him that "it would be sheer moral cowardice to shrink from a large and serious inquiry into the extent, the causes, the palliation of this hideous scourge just as the ravages of tubercle or cancer are investigated," and one must welcome the announcement that a Royal Commission is to be appointed to inquire into the subject.

**A Resolution
on
Vivisection.**

It is only a few extremists that refuse on principle to admit that experiments on animals are wicked, even though the saving of human life should be aided by them. Most anti-vivisectionists would say that no benefit to human life results from knowledge thus acquired. It is of importance, therefore, that at one of the sections of this International gathering a resolution

was passed that "this section records its conviction that experiments on living animals have proved of the utmost service to medicine in the past and are indispensable to its future progress. That accordingly, while strongly deprecating the infliction of unnecessary pain, it is of opinion, alike in the interests of men and animals, that every facility should be given to competent persons for the performance of such experiments under adequate supervision."

The Conference on Cancer and Consumption could only attest that we are still in the dark as to the direction, if any, towards which we may look for any satisfactory remedy for these disturbers of family happiness. The Cancer Conference could only surmise, as the result of some experiments on mice, that heredity from remote parentage is less serious than that from parents and grandparents. As for Consumption it was made clear that, while some doctors thought highly of tuberculin, others questioned its value, and emphasized its risks.

**A Conference
on
Infant Mortality.**

The Conference on Infant Mortality, presided over by the President of the Local Government Board, had some encouraging results to chronicle. Relying on the recent Report of Dr. Newsholme, as Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, Mr. Burns gave some interesting figures. This is the fourth of the Conferences on the subject held during the last seven years, and during that period nearly 200,000 infant lives have been saved, which, to judge by the statistics, would, under former conditions, have been lost. "They were now saving over 50,000 lives a year, or nearly the total emigration from the Motherland to Australia. This was mainly because his department had pioneered the work. There was no comparison between the child now to be seen in the streets of Deptford, Battersea, Bermondsey, or Rotherhithe, either in regard to its boots, clothes, cleanliness, teeth, or general behaviour and physique, and the children he saw when a boy." Still the statistics of infant mortality are very far from satisfactory, as Dr. Newsholme's figures show. Thus, to take but an instance or two, out of the thousand, 189.0 infants die annually at Stalybridge, 171.4 at Burnley, 161.9 at Stoke-on-Trent, 154.6 at Middlesbrough, 152.7 at Merthyr-Tydvil, and on the other hand, 78.2 at Ealing, 83 at Battersea, 76 at Holborn, 75 at Ilford, 71.4 at Hampstead; also 73.8 at Watford, 71.9 at Reigate, 69.6 at Guildford. This would seem to show that the danger to infant life is greater in large centres of industrial life than in country towns and residential neighbourhoods, and this is what we should expect, though Dr. Newsholme points out that "the rate of infant mortality in the towns of a given geographical county shows no parallelism with the

proportion of the total population which is aggregated in the towns of that county," and "the size of a town has no definite relationship to excessive infant mortality, this occurring irregularly in towns having a population over and under 50,000." In rural areas the percentage recorded is 97 per thousand, which, though much lower than in the industrial towns, is still very high, nearly 1 in 10; but here one would like more detailed statistics, so as to be able to compare rural area with rural area. Comparing the figures for the different classes, Mr. Burns reports that doctors' babies die at the rate of 40 per thousand, upper and middle class babies 77, those of artisans 100 to 130, of miners 160, unskilled labourers 150 to 250, agricultural labourers (as already mentioned) 97. Here it is quite intelligible that doctors' babies should have the best record, and that the upper and middle classes should come next. It is intelligible too that the agricultural labourer's babies, low as are his wages, should have a better chance of life than the town workman's babies. One has only to compare country children with town children to realize that they live under more healthy conditions and are better fed. Why, on the other hand, is the mortality so high among miners' babies, their fathers, on the whole, getting the best wages among the working classes, and their mothers being free from the necessity of working? As for causes, the underlying cause is of course neglect, but neglect due to motives not always culpable. Ignorance accounts for much, and Mr. Pease told of schools for mothers of which the Board of Education had already set up 230 in the country, and of classes for the elder children in which they could be taught baby management—this last a scheme far more practical than many which are imposed by inconsiderate faddists on overworked teachers and pupils, but still open to many difficulties. Drunken and careless mothers are accountable for much of the evil, the insanitary conditions of the slums themselves must account for even more, and then there is the extensive underfeeding of the poor, both parents and children; but most of all, the necessity imposed on so many poor mothers of going out to work, and leaving their babies to be nursed by others, often by children hardly more than babies themselves. Dr. la Fetra, of New York, mentioned at the Conference that, according to the New York statistics, out of 10,000 infants nursed at the breast 580 died during the first year, but of 10,000 nursed artificially, 4,588. What a testimony to the need that mothers should be made free to attend themselves to their infants! It goes to one's heart to think of all this sacrifice of infant life, of this far-reaching cutting off of the spring from the year. Nor can one fail to rejoice that the problem is at last being seriously studied; we rejoice, too, as Catholics, that at last we have a zealous Social Guild to enable us to co-operate on sound principles in dealing with the evil.

**The Catholic
Encyclopædia.**

Now that the *Catholic Encyclopædia* is complete and has found an honoured place in our bookshelves, we often wonder how in past times we were able to get on without it. It is so easy now, when for one reason or another we desire information on some Catholic subject, to take down one of the volumes, in the assurance that we shall find there, in a compact, trustworthy and satisfying form, all that we probably need for our immediate purpose; or, should we desire to embark on some profound research, at least these volumes will set us on our road, with clear directions where to look for fuller information. But now that this undertaking which brought them together is finished, the projectors and editors have been asking themselves whether their connection formed with so many writers of authority throughout the world must needs be dissolved, or whether it may not be possible to utilize the power this quasi-organization gives them, to undertake some further work which can in a sense be a natural continuation of the work of the *Encyclopædia*. Various suggestions from this point of view have it seems been pressed on their attention, one of which we believe has been that they should bring out a series of annual volumes, recording the history and fortunes of the Catholic Church during the period included, in the different countries of the world. This, if it were found feasible and could be done well, would certainly be a benefit to us all and tend to bring us together. Still, all we know is that they have some such project in view, and that as a step towards it they are perfecting their organization, and ask us to announce that henceforth they, the publishers of the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, are to be known as "The Encyclopædia Press, incorporated." Hitherto they have been known as "Robert Appleton Company." This former name arose from Mr. Robert Appleton being one of their Directors. But it has been found to cause confusion, as there is an older and well-known New York firm named Messrs. D. Appleton and Co. The change of name does not, however, mean that the company itself will be changed in any sense; the Directors, Officers, Board of Editors, administration and policy, will all remain as they were. Mr. Conde B. Pullen is President of the Encyclopædia Press, Mr. Arthur Kennedy is Vice-President and Treasurer, Mr. Walter Magee, Assistant Treasurer and Secretary. The Directors of the Company are the editors whose names are well-known.

Reviews.

I.—PASTOR'S HISTORY OF THE POPES.¹

FEW volumes of Dr. Pastor's great *Geschichte der Päpste* have been so full of matter interesting to English readers as that now before us, which deals with the pontificates of Julius III., Marcellus and Paul IV. For one thing we may say that during these three reigns Cardinal Pole holds the stage. The conclave which issued in the election of *Giammaria del Monte* as Julius III. was at one moment regarded by all who took part in it as a dead certainty for Reginald Pole. The story that the English Cardinal might have been elected by adoration on the night of December 4, 1549, had not he himself discouraged such a proceeding, seems to be fully accepted by Dr. Pastor. Pole, he says, gave his friends clearly to understand that "if he could not enter by the door he would not climb in at the window." But at that time the election of the Englishman by the ordinary way of scrutiny seemed so much a foregone conclusion that the papal vestments were already laid out, and he himself had shown to some of his friends the address in which he intended to return thanks for the honour conferred upon him. That the expectations of his supporters were disappointed (Pole himself seems honestly to have been indifferent) was probably due to the fact that besides being an Englishman he was suspected of heretical leanings. With Cardinal Caraffa, the future Paul IV., it had grown to be almost an *idée fixe* that Pole was tainted with Lutheranism in his views regarding justification. Moreover, in spite of his polemical writings against Henry VIII. the impression prevailed that he inclined towards mildness in dealing with heretics. He certainly disapproved of the use of torture by the Inquisition to secure a confession of guilt, and

¹ *Geschichte der Päpste*. Von Ludwig von Pastor. Vol. VI. Freiburg: Herder. Pp. xl.—724. Price, 11 marks, unbound. 1913.

this and other similar facts should be remembered when attempts are made to lay at Pole's door the responsibility for the Marian persecutions in England.

Certainly not the least important part of the present volume is the account given by Dr. Pastor of the workings of the Roman Inquisition under Julius III. and Paul IV. There was a tendency, not yet entirely extinct, among the older school of apologists to depict the Roman Inquisition as a tribunal of great leniency. "The procedure," we are assured in Moroni's *Dizionario*, "was always most gentle and paternal." The Roman Inquisition, even under Paul IV., may not have gone to the lengths which have drawn upon the conduct of the Holy Office in Spain the execration of all right-minded men, but it is quite untrue to say that the capital penalty was never inflicted. For example, on June 15, 1556, a certain Fra Ambrogio was strangled and burnt, on August 19th of the same year Pomponio de Algerio suffered the same fate. So also did two others in 1558 and 1559, and this is probably by no means an exhaustive list. On the other hand Dr. Pastor rightly denounces the unprincipled exaggeration by which, even under Julius III., the German Reformers tried to exploit for their own purposes the terror created by the Holy Office. The Reformer Vergerius, writing to Bullinger with reference to these alleged barbarities, remarks: "You would suppose that a hundred people were being burnt every day. But this is not the case. There has not been a single execution, though there has been a mild persecution in some localities." A thoroughly interesting account is given of the proceedings against Cardinals Moroni and Pole before the tribunal of the Holy Office, and Pastor does not palliate the fact that suspicions of heretical pravity, curiously combined with an intense hatred of Spain, had become almost an obsession in the mind of Paul IV. Some valuable details are also given regarding the relations of Pope Paul with Cardinal Ghislieri, afterwards best known to the world as St. Pius V. On the other hand the missionary enterprise of the Church during the decade covered by the present volume, notably in the labours of St. Francis Xavier and his fellow-Jesuits, has by no means been allowed to drop out of sight.

2.—THREE HISTORIES OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.¹

All that we have said in praise of Father Braunsberger's previous volumes, may be repeated with emphasis about this, the same superb wealth of learning, the same meticulously careful scholarship, the same excellent arrangement and valuable materials. This time we are given nearly five hundred documents (299 letters, 178 miscellaneous historical records) to illustrate five years of the Canisius's incessantly active life. These years correspond with the pontificate of St. Pius V., a period of the most vigorous and drastic reform. Such, too, was the character of Peter Canisius's apostolic labours. He was Provincial during the first year and a half, then resigns that post, at the Pope's desire, in order to write against the "Centuriators of Magdeburg," and brings out his first volume against them. Though now devoted primarily to literary work, his correspondence is as ample, and almost as animated as before. To this period belong the interesting series of exorcisms at Augsburg, of which many records are here gathered together. Our views on such topics have been a good deal modified by modern researches into telepathy and thought-reading; and when we turn to ancient records like these, we are inevitably anxious, lest they should contain something, which may to us moderns appear childish, or cruel, or at least compromising to the dignity of religion. But Blessed Peter Canisius comes out of the trial on the whole satisfactorily and, sometimes, even brilliantly. (See the references under *Daemon, Exorcismus, Revelationes*.) While it would be impossible to give any detailed account of the contents of this encyclopædic volume, we must not omit mention of St. Stanislaus, who appears several times, and of the little group of English Jesuits, then in Germany, especially the two Fathers Rastell, John and Edward (connections of Blessed Thomas More), of whom the former was for a time Canisius's latin secretary, Fathers Gasper, and Elias Hey-

¹ 1. B. Petri Canisii, S.J. *Epistulae et Acta*. Collegit O. Braunsberger, S.J. Vol. VI. Freiburg: Herder. Pp. lxxvi, 818. Price, sewed, 30s.; bound, 33s. 1913.

2. *Histoire de la C. de Jésus*. Henri Fouqueray, S.J. Tom ii. (1575 to 1604). Paris: Picard. Price, 12 fr. 1913.

3. *L'Education Morale dans les Collèges de la C. de J. de France sous l'ancien Régime*. André Schimberg. Paris: Champion. Pp. 592. Price, 12 fr. 1913.

wood, Vincent Powell, Robert Arden, &c. One of them, Edward Thorn, apostatized, causing considerable excitement in both the Protestant and the Catholic camp; and so has provided Father Braunsberger with many contemporary descriptions of the event, all edited with scrupulous care. But the subsequent history of the man remains a blank.

Father Fouqueray's second volume is, of course, not a collection of records, but a history built up from records. It is not so much research that is here desired, as the power of combining information from every side, and of breathing life into the combination. Father Fouqueray does both with no small measure of success, and his history of a most important period will long continue to be read and used. The wars of *La Sainte Ligue* were of inestimable importance for Catholicism. Partly a failure and partly successful, praiseworthy in many respects, indefensible in some others, their history is extremely hard to write with temper and moderation. Father Fouqueray's temper is admirable, his moderation perhaps a little too excessive. Rather than go too far, he has hardly given us enough to bring the realities of that extraordinarily adventuresome time before us in their true proportions. This, to be sure, would have involved the sacrifice of some other matters, which are perhaps more germane to the Society than the history of a war, which belongs properly to the history of France itself: and it might be objected that further explanations belonged rather to apologetic than to history. But histories of this class are constantly being consulted on controversial points, and on these Father Fouqueray's work seems less well furnished. To deny, for instance, that Clement VIII. was unfavourable to the Jesuits as is here done (p. 505), is no doubt broadly and historically true. But in apologetic such a summary denial is not advisable, for it might lead to a dispute, which could have been avoided by an ampler explanation. On the other hand Father Fouqueray's accounts of the missions, the colleges, the preaching, the lives of the French Jesuits is full, clear and vivid, and quite sufficiently documented. The history of the first Scottish Mission, for instance (chapter iv.), which then had its base in France, is excellently told (though an English reviser would have saved him from "Lord" Walsingham), and it may in general be said that we have here a work treating matters of wide repute with judgment, knowledge and literary skill; and that it has a future which is assured.

M. Schimberg's work on the moral education, imparted by the Jesuits, under the old *régime*, is again a work of a different class. History is here introductory, the burden of the volume is paedagogic. After a sketch of the rise of French Jesuit colleges and of the way in which Jesuit masters were themselves formed in the novitiate, &c., we pass in review the Society's religious teaching (philosophy and theology), its attitude towards Gallicanism, the classics, discipline, &c., keeping in view the moral virtues, patriotism, self-restraint, fidelity, independence, &c., which its education engendered. The very completeness of his programme constrains our author to treat these spacious subjects somewhat briefly: well, but not better than others have done before. The remaining themes, *Surveillance*, *Vie au Collège*, *La punition*, *Le Théâtre* and the like, are both fresher, and more easily appreciated to-day. The testimony of a layman, too, is in these matters of more value than that of a cleric. An interesting subject, cleverly handled, and abounding in out-of-the-way information of all sorts.

3—A CHOSEN CHILDHOOD.¹

"Perceiving in her pupil *a hasty and literal tendency*." Is it that, after all, we asked ourselves, which underlies and explains much of the patent charm of all John Ayscough writes? That, and a certain sweetness of sympathy which may or may not be as profoundly aboriginal, but which has certainly leavened all the rest of the psychological elements more visible than ever in this book?

For we see in it chiefly relentless realism; a dry delicious humour; and a passionate but very reticent pity.

Readers of *THE MONTH* have no need to be told that the *Gracechurch Papers* were written in the first person, included the author's chosen pseudonym, and narrated the story of a childhood chosen to evolve not in luxury nor in limitless scope, but through the love of a mother pictured with indescribable tenderness, and of God. From the tales themselves we gain but little right—yet from the *Dedication* much—to assert that these incidents "really happened just like that." But the vividness with which they are told is creative. If this

¹ *Gracechurch*. By John Ayscough. London: Longmans. Pp. vii, 319. Price, 6s. net. 1913.

life was not lived, henceforward it none the less exists, a typical idea, more "really real" than just the actual. But we did not mean, at first, to allude to this more general realism. The "literal" tendency, so closely allied to the realistic, was "hasty." John Ayscough heard of "performing seals"; he remembers that his "mother had a number on letters, and it was my instant resolve to see if they would perform"; he is told of the young man who "travels in umbrellas"; a "singular mode of progression, which on the morrow I endeavoured to imitate in vain, perhaps because I had but one, whereas he must have had a quantity." Take that "hasty and literal tendency" as a *fil conducteur*: you will see that it inspires a high percentage of those delightful little sentences or turns of phrasing which strike from us the "sudden glory" of a laugh.

And not only do they elicit those loud and unconquerable grins with which (we penitently own) we have exasperated a whole carriage-full of fellow-passengers—*not* (inculpable ignorance, we hope) immersed, as we were, in *Gracechurch*, and thus unsympathetic—but they maintain a constant and happy smile in one's mind, so to say, which is most wholesome and reposing. "Miss Galt might leave Betty repentant, but Miss Grace left her chuckling and gratified. Whether the old woman stood most in need of repentance or cheerfulness must be left to clearer Eyes than ours: we most of us need both." John Ayscough helps us towards both—at least towards tears lit with laughter, and laughter the gentler for our half-guessed ache-at-heart. There is tragedy quite often in these pages: a little cruel, sometimes—*Counting Handkerchiefs* is that, perhaps; our spirit is a little bruised, it may be, by the tale of *Maddy Kickstone*, and even of *Kezia Thorn*. Once, but once only, there is a gruesome, almost morbid page; it tells of what stared up, through thick plate-glass in the floor of the *Billington Pew*, and froze a vindictive woman's face into undying horror.

But on the whole, it is a happy book, and hints happiness behind the dingy commonplace. We have no doubt they'll end, these dear people, "in Abraham's bozum, though Liverpool was the last I heard." Yes, it's good to think of such amusing, kindly, hard-working, and often beautiful and heroic folk, in a world *not* given over, after all, to sordid problems or torturing unbelief. . . .

4.—OXFORD STUDIES IN SOCIAL HISTORY.¹

Essays of the kind included in this series are practically beyond the reach of criticism. Only those workers who have themselves had the documents under their hands can form any accurate idea of the value of the material or pronounce an opinion on the use that has been made of it. None the less it requires no exceptionally profound scholarship to appreciate the immense importance of detailed monographs dealing with a limited area and striking down to the bedrock of the primitive account books, registers and deeds, in which the elementary facts of our social organization are recorded. To judge from appearances, the two studies contained in the volume before us present admirable examples of conscientious and painstaking research, and their very remoteness from each other in date, locality and method, adds a certain attractiveness to their juxtaposition within the same covers.

The first of these two monographs deals with the conditions of land tenure and social life within the estates of the Archbishop and Chapter of Bordeaux during the period of English domination (c. 1350 to 1459). It is a very striking thing that the saintly Archbishop, Pey Berland, who was first of all a very energetic administrator of certain portions of the Chapter estates before he was raised to the archiepiscopal see which he occupied for twenty-seven years, was throughout a steady partizan of England. That he was a man of singularly holy life is disputed by none, and the cause of his canonization was introduced immediately after his death. Of course Miss Lodge, the author of this monograph, is not concerned with political history, and it would be unreasonable perhaps to expect from her any sort of historical sketch to serve as background to her picture of social conditions. None the less we think it is possible to be a little too rigorous in excluding illustrative matter. The political circumstances of the times and especially the character of the occupant of the See as affecting the administration of his revenues must have reacted upon such questions as dues, salaries and wages, if not upon the tenure of land itself. From this point of view Miss Lodge might well have included among her materials the will of Archbishop Pey Berland with its various codicils, but no doubt she has not suffered from lack of documents to examine and

¹ *Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History*. Edited by Paul Vinogradoff. Vol. III. By E. C. Lodge and A. W. Ashby. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Pp. 206 and 190. Price, 12s. 6d. 1912.

condense, and the orderly summary of the impressions left by this minute investigation of details does much credit to the author's power of generalization.

If Mr. A. W. Ashby, in his *One hundred years of poor law administration in a Warwickshire village*," has essayed a less complicated task, this does not diminish the interest of the information gleaned from the representative parish of Tysoe, in the extreme south-east of Warwickshire. A simple list of the Chapters will afford the best idea of the contents of the monograph. After studying in Chapter I. "The economic structure and history of the Parish," Mr. Ashby then goes on to discuss in turn "The Village and its Population," "The Administrative Organization," "Assessment and Rating" and "Settlement and Removal." Chapter VI. is concerned with "Bastardy," and from this it is an easy transition to pass to "General Relief," "Special Relief" and "The Able-Bodied." The two remaining chapters are devoted to "Reimbursements" and to "Wages and Prices." Mr. Ashby is necessarily bound to deal largely with statistics and statistics are proverbially dry, but he has contrived to present his matter clearly and in as agreeable a form as the subject permits. Upon one point we have been disappointed in finding no information whatever, though very probably this is not at all Mr. Ashby's fault. No word seems to occur about the annual immigration of Irish harvesters and field labourers whose advent in other parts of England was the cause of serious rioting in the summer of 1736. Perhaps S.E. Warwickshire was too central a region for the immigrants to reach in numbers that made any perceptible impression upon the condition of the local labour market.

5.—A CONCORDANCE TO DANTE'S LATIN WORKS.¹

We have now a complete concordance to all the works that can with any security be attributed to Dante's authorship, and for this great boon we are mainly indebted to the enterprise of the Dante Society of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Naturally it was the concordance to the *Divina Commedia* which led the way. This was compiled as far back as 1888

¹ *Dantis Alagherii operum Latinorum Concordantiae*, ediderunt E. K. Rand and E. H. Wilkins. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Pp. viii, 578. Price, 30s. 1912.

by Dr. Fay and it was printed in America. Since then the same learned association have issued a concordance to the other Italian works of the poet, including the prose and the verse in one alphabet. This was edited by Messrs. E. S. Sheldon and A. C. White and appeared in 1905. And now, last of all, we have the concordance to the various Latin works, the principal labour in preparing which has fallen on the shoulders of Messrs. E. K. Rand and E. H. Wilkins. These two last volumes have been printed at Oxford at the Clarendon Press, and we may say at once that their typographical execution reflects the greatest credit upon this famous printing establishment. We mean no disparagement to those responsible for the impression of Dr. Fay's admirable and standard work when we observe that, apart from the question of accuracy, the type of the two later concordances is much less trying to the eyes than that of the earlier volumes. The question of accuracy in textual citations and in the printing of references is one which can only be adequately estimated after long and frequent use, but it is needless to remark that purchasers have every guarantee that something more than ordinary pains have been taken to secure results which can leave little or no room for criticism.

Although, no doubt, the Latin works of Dante are little read by comparison with those in the vulgar tongue, it ought not to be overlooked that a complete concordance to any fairly prolific mediæval Latinist is in itself a very valuable possession. There is hardly any branch of philology which hitherto has been more neglected than the accurate study of mediæval Latin. Dante's Latin works may not be very extensive in point of bulk but we have at any rate here the advantage of dealing with texts that have been critically edited. Any good index, such as one finds, for example, appended to many of the volumes of the *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, is of great value to the lexicographer, but a concordance of course means a great deal more. We could wish that Dante's Latin writings were more varied in theme, but even as it is we may learn much from the compilation before us regarding the Latin vocabulary and the constructions employed by the great Florentine, and indirectly by the scholars of his time. Finally, while expressing our gratitude to the New England Dante Society for this great service which they have rendered to letters, may we not also express a hope that they will see their way to the much more arduous task of preparing a concordance to the Latin works of Francis Petrarca?

6.—CATHOLIC ETHNOLOGY.¹

Readers of the Catholic Press will have observed the frequent references there made to the *Semaine d'Ethnologie*, now a yearly institution, inaugurated at Louvain; and they may be expected to have grasped part at least of its unique importance. Of it this volume gives an abridged account, from which we find that the results were far more striking, even, than we had a right to expect.

To start with it gives a clear account of the working of the Week, together with the unbiassed comments of a number of critics (proving how truly international is the interest felt in it) upon this first experiment. Also the intentions for the future are outlined.

It is of course known that the three great categories into which the papers there read are grouped, are those of Principles and Method; those dealing with wide, or more circumscribed, topics of research and observation (here, largely Totemism); and practical evening conferences. It will be remembered, too, that Fr. Schmidt, S.V.D., took this opportunity of popularizing yet more generally his non-evolutional Cycle-Theory, which is revolutionizing many a continental museum.

We speak thus briefly of this remarkable volume because THE MONTH has already on more than one occasion dealt with, and will shortly recur at greater length to, this topic, and because we are certain that all, to whom the Catholic name in this and other sciences is dear, will personally acquaint themselves not only with this book, but with the notable work inaugurated at Louvain. May it soon be ours to welcome Fr. Schmidt, his invaluable collaborator Fr. Bouvier, and many a Catholic delegate, to an "Ethnological Week" in London.

7.—A FEDERATION OF COMMONWEALTHS.²

This important work regards the Roman Empire in one of its most important aspects, that of a vast federation of Commonwealths. It was Dr. Reid's endeavour "to bring to light

¹ *Semaine d'Ethnologie Religieuse: Compte Rendu analytique de la 1ère session, 27 août—4 septembre, 1912.* Brussels: A. Dewit. Pp. 340. Price, 6 fr. 1913.

² *The Municipalities of the Roman Empire.* By J. S. Reid, Litt.D. Cambridge University Press. Pp. xv, 548. Price, 12s. 1913.

the historical significance of this great monument of civilization, whereby for loose rural and tribal unions, whose bond was mainly religious, was substituted a civic system, in which the walled city administered a territory . . . the whole constituting a sort of little State, with a greater or less degree of autonomy." At the very outset the author emphasizes that "tolerance of diversities" which will be perceptible in the whole of Roman influence until decay sets in. He will examine the working of that influence, province by province, in order to bring into clear view "the extraordinary plasticity of Roman modes of government," and to undermine the impression that Rome ran "a sort of political steam-roller over the ancient world." Italy, the Alpine tribes and Gaul, Germany and the Danubian provinces, Britain and Spain, Africa, the Hellenized lands and the European Greece, form the successive areas of his research, and certainly the astonishing suppleness, from the first, of this destined engine of centralization, is made clear. It is impossible in a review like this to enter into any detail. We would but add that, on different titles, this book may claim to be purchased by our schools and colleges, by our centres of social study, and even by our theological faculties, for the bearing of Professor Reid's facts and comments upon the political history and future of the Roman Church is unmistakable.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

"*Ladino*" al Bivlo, by G. del Vecchio, is reprinted at Rome from the *Nuova Antologia* of November 1, 1912. It contains a warm recommendation of that romance dialect, and of the fraternal claims of its speakers, which survives in many parts of the Alpine districts which are only by heredity Italian. Here is indeed a *peripeteia* for Austria to envisage. The same author sends, in German and Italian, a lecture on *Some Fundamental Characteristics of the Political Philosophy of J. J. Rousseau* (Berlin and Genoa). The recent Centenary has provoked a quantity of Rousseau literature with which this may well be grouped, and read by specialists.

We welcome the first volume of the translation of Part III. of *St. Thomas's Summa* (Washbourne: 6s. net), which is, of course, upon the Incarnation. We have already spoken with the praise it deserves of this Dominican translation of Aquinas. We wish it success and speedy completion. The second volume of Father Chr. Pesch, S.J.'s *Compendium*

Theologiae Dogmaticae (Herder: 5s. net; bound 6s.), reaches us at the same time; it contains the treatises *De Deo, Uno Trino; de Deo Fine Ultimo* and *De Novissimis*, and needs no further commendation than we have given to the earlier volume. We have also received the third and fourth volumes of Fr. A. Pozzi's *Theologia Moralis* (Marietti: Turin), the entire series of four volumes costing 14 lire. The book is well printed and should be pleasant as well as profitable in the using. Father A. Oldrà, S.J., has written a *Corso di Conferenze* upon Education (Turin, Marietti: 3l. 50), based on the sound principle that to *educate* means to *develop*. He does not, however, approve of the Montessori system, and finds it, in fact, "grotesquely false." The problem of sexual education appears to us rather superficially set forth, and not solved. The book ends with a chapter on religious vocation. It should be useful to many. From the same Tipografia Pontificia (Marietti: Turin), come two volumes (3 lire 50 each), by Father Giuseppe Rinaldi, entitled *Il Dogma Catholico nell' Ora Presente*; they contain catechetical instructions on the Creed and on the Laws of Nature and Grace given in the Cathedral of Pergola in 1910-1911. They contain nothing unusual; but we are infinitely glad to see such solid religious instruction replacing the easy rhetoric of a period happily defunct. Much that has escaped assassination at the hands of modern forces has done so only by committing suicide on its own account. This is true of a quantity of pulpit and ascetical and hagiographic literature; and another little volume, *Magister Parvulorum, ossia Il Vademecum del Catechista* (Marietti, Turin: 2 lire 80) is a further fruit of the insistence of the reigning Pontiff upon the prime necessity of teaching the truth in preference to decorating it.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Sister Mary of St. Francis, S.N.D., was in the "world" the Hon. Mrs. Petre, and Dom Bede Camm has revised the new life which is to replace Miss A. M. Clarke's work, now out of print. The charming picture of Laura Stafford-Jerningham is, we are glad to say, still included among the illustrations of this book; and the account is even fuller of personal traits and reminiscences of this very remarkable lady. Sister St. Pierre, a Carmelite of Tours, 1816-1848, has also her biography (Washbourne: 2d.) by a Franciscan Tertiary. She was much venerated by M. Dupont, the "Holy Man of Tours," and was herself profoundly devoted to the Holy Face, and indeed began the work of reparation which M. Papin Dupont carried on.

A Sister of Notre Dame has done good work in editing, with Preface and notes, *Literary Selections from Newman* in Messrs. Longmans' Class Books of English Literature. The editress emphasizes the fact that these extracts are meant to show Newman's literary, not theological, side; all his polemical or controversial writings are thereby excluded as a source, and the scope of the book is much, but not illegitimately, circumscribed.

Les Beaux Jours de Marie-Antoinette and *Marie-Antoinette aux Tulleries* (Lethielleux: 2 fr. each) are new editions of two interesting volumes by Baron Imbert de Saint-Amand, who makes the revolutionary period his speciality. The Baron has personally manipulated the documents of this period; his narrative is lucid, as in a Frenchman we

expect, and his comments brilliant. These are books at once for pleasurable reading, and, we strongly urge, for our schools, where so much time is wasted by the ill-choice or non-choice of foreign books for "reading round" a subject imposed by examination or suggested by debate or essay.

FICTION.

Vita Vera, by J. Joergensen, translated by M.M. Sirgel-Lannoy and de la Fabrière, with an introduction by M. Georges Goyau (Beauchesne: 3.50 fr.), is a book only indirectly to be classed as fiction, for the hero of this novel is almost indistinguishable, for the most part, from its author. It is, however, of such outstanding value that we hope to dedicate to it in *THE MONTH* and elsewhere, a far longer and more appreciative notice. Little by little, students of the line followed by modern spiritual pilgrims are beginning to realize the transcendent importance of Durtal in Huysmann's trilogy, with its preface of *Là Bas*. The Danish writer pursues a path, far from identical with Durtal's, yet spiritually allied. Political forms and social ideals occupy, however, a far larger part in the ex-individualist and disciple of Brande and of Jacobsen, than in the artist of Paris and Chartres. The Trappists and Solesmes for the latter, the Aosis, for the former, complete the evolution of each in its proper terms.

Diana Merton lived **On a Hill** (by F. M. Capes: Washbourne: 1s. 6d.), which was, as a matter of fact, Primrose Hill, but became (I speak deliberately) Calvary. This story is an altogether charming, simple, and straightforward record of unselfishness which grows into self-sacrifice: it is quite natural and careless of "effect"; the authoress keeps wisely to feminine characters, but she displays in her heroine a strength of purpose which any man might envy. She has a quiet humour and a pleasantly cultivated style. This short and inexpensive book may not only please, but do a real and lasting work for the character-formation of girls.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cambridge Manuals (Cambridge University Press: 1s. net), which we have frequently noticed, are a numbered series of booklets stating "broad general principles" governing enquiry in various departments, and the "results of the most recent research." We have before us **Plato**, by Mrs. A. M. Adam, M.A., in which she traces the growth of his moral and political ideals, regarding (surely with truth) the development in Plato's works as a reflection of that in his personal powers, not merely in his appreciation of Socrates. **Mysticism in English Literature** is by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon, and ends, rather curiously, with some pages upon Bergson. However, the book (for which writers like Von Hügel and Miss Underhill have made material so accessible) proceeds (after its "chronological sketch of mystical thought in England") through Love-and-Beauty-Mystics to Nature-, Philosophical-, and Devotional-and-Religious-Mystics. The study of these is pursued with charity and conscientiousness. We are left, as usual, with the conviction that apart from dogma the only attitude to take towards these ulterior soul-states is one of agnostic admiration. Mr. A. Hamilton Thompson, F.S.A., relates the history of **English Monasteries**, which is well illustrated and has, like the other volumes, a good bibliography. Mr. Thompson is purely objective and very equitable. He describes, with but little criticism.

Pp. 31, 32, on the Suppression are wholly discreet, though of course it is with the material monasteries that this book is in the main concerned. It is certain to be useful.

Mr. E. Raymond Barker has written **Graphs in a Cable-Ship Drum-Room** (Alabaster, Gatehouse and Co.: 2s. 6d.), being notes for junior assistants, and reprinted from the *Electrical Review*. Dedicated as they are "to the use of young fellows on their first introduction to a cable-ship drum-room, or paying-out office," we shall be forgiven of saying no more of them than that they appear put excellently into form and well brought out, and should be of real value to those for whom they are intended.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

We have in hand advanced sheets of a third volume of the *Antidote*, edited by Father Joseph Keating (C.T.S.: 1s.). Various and strange are the calumnies against the Catholic Church which are being continually brought up. Of late years a large number of them have been investigated and refuted by competent writers in various Catholic publications. The purpose of the *Antidote* is to preserve these refutations in an easily accessible form, ready for the occasions when the adversary, thinking his past discomfitures must be forgotten, ventures to bring them up again. Catholics who are zealous for the defence of the faith should take care to have these shilling volumes on their shelves.

The Church's Highway, by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P. (C.T.S.: 1d.), is a far more important little brochure than its appearance betokens; and contains a very clear and wise treatment of the Church's method in dealing with the eternally recrudescing conflict between the fact in possession and the invading spirit, a conflict which reaches at times a clash and a crisis, as when St. Peter and St. Paul successively emancipated the Christian Church from the shackles of a wrong conservatism, or those connected with the fall of Rome, the "baptism" (by Aquinas) of Aristotle, the Renaissance and the Revolution. Everybody must get this little work. Nor shall we here summarize its carefully stated conclusion. The Rev. P. M. Northcote has written on **The Catholic Faith** (C.T.S.: 1d.) a few clear and telling pages on the attitude of soul which we should bring to the gift of faith and the evidences for belief. The Catholic Social Guild has published as the 21st of its excellent social series, **The Living Wage** (C.T.S.: 1d.), by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Ryan, with an introduction by the Bishop of Salford. These names are a sufficient recommendation of the contents of this little paper, which will be of value for distribution, and should be used in college discussions as well as in study-clubs. **The Higher Anglicanism** (C.T.S.: 1d.) is by a very highly-qualified writer, Mr. A. H. Nankivell, and must prove an extremely cogent appeal to those who still believe in the position of Anglicanism, grown so very academic to-day and technical, and not to be understood of the people any longer. Also it will help priests not a little, who are bound to help, and therefore to understand, those who appeal to them. We hope Mr. Nankivell will write more on this delicate topic, and publish his collected papers.

Doubtless Father Bearne is tired of the adjective "indefatigable." We therefore will not apply it, when mentioning him as author of **Anthony Brown and Wayfarer**, two short tales appearing in a C.T.S. 1d. pamphlet. The characteristics which in Father Bearne delight so many are once more here to be appreciated.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- ALABASTER AND CO., London.
Graphs in a Cable-Ship Drum-Room.
 By E. Raymond Barker. Pp. 46.
 Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913.
- FROM THE AUTHOR.
Science and Philosophy at Louvain. By
 John G. Vance, B.A., Ph.D. Pp. 28.
 1913. *Poems.* By Arnel O'Connor.
 Pp. viii, 59. Price, 5s. 1913.
- BURNS AND OATES, London.
An Average Man. By R. H. Benson.
 Pp. 380. Price, 6s. 1913. *The
 Life of Mother Mary of Jesus.* By
 Père Suau, S.J. Translated by Father
 D. Gallery, S.J. Pp. xvi, 514. Price,
 6s. net. 1913. *The Epistle to the
 Ephesians.* Translated and Edited by
 George S. Hitchcock, D.D. Pp. viii,
 526. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1913. *Medita-
 tions without Method.* By W. D. Strap-
 pini, S.J. Pp. 200. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
 1913. *Memoirs of Father P. Galloway,
 S.J.* By Father M. Gavin, S.J. Pp.
 xii, 263. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1913.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
*The Song of Songs edited as a Dramatic
 Poem.* By W. W. Canon. Pp. vii,
 158. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1913. *Out-
 lines of Victorian Literature.* By
 Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Walker. Pp. 224.
 Price, 3s. net. 1913.
- CATHOLIC MISSION PRESS, Ho-Kein-fu.
*Dr. Wiegner's Moral Tenets and Customs
 in China:* Chinese Text. Translated
 and annotated by L. Davroul, S.J.
 Pp. iii, 604. 1913.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
The Church's Year. By J. R. M'Kee,
 Cong. Orat. Pp. 141. Price, 6d. net.
 1913. *The Religious Orders.* I. Col-
 lected Pamphlets. Price, 1s. *Theo-
 sophy.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp.
 142. Price (cloth), 1s.; (paper), 6d.
 1913. *Various Penny Pamphlets.*
- GILL AND SON, Dublin.
Gentle France. By René Bazin. Trans-
 lated by Mary Dougherty. Pp. xi, 340.
 1913.
- GRASSET, Paris.
Aux Écoutes de la France qui Vient.
 By Gaston Rion. Pp. 334. Price,
 3.50 fr. 1913.
- HEINEMANN, London.
Social Renewal. By George Sandeman.
 Pp. 150. 1913.
- KING AND SON, Westminster.
A Primer of Social Science. By Mgr.
 H. Parkinson. Pp. xii, 276. Price, 2s.
 net. 1913. *First Notions on Social
 Service.* Edited by Mrs. Philip Gibbs.
 Pp. 80. Price, 6d. net. 1913. *Sweated
 Labour and the Trade Boards Act.*
 Edited by Fr. Thos. Wright. and
 edit. Pp. 78. Price, 6d. net. 1913.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Les Beaux Jours de Marie-Antoinette.
 By M. Imbert de Saint Amand.
 Pp. 312. Price, 2.00 fr. 1913. *Marie-
 Antoinette aux Tuileries.* By the
 same. Pp. 268. Price, 2.00 fr.
 1913.
- LONGMANS AND CO., London.
The Epistles to the Thessalonians. Trans-
 lated and edited by the Rev. C. Lattey,
 S.J. Pp. xxi, 21. With Map. Price,
 6d. net. wrapper; 1s. net. cloth
 boards. 1913. *Literary Selections
 from Newman.* By a Sister of Notre
 Dame. Pp. xv, 210. Price, 1s. 6d. net.
 1913. *Gracechurch.* By John Ays-
 cough. Pp. 319. Price, 6s. 1913.
- MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York.
The Problem of Christianity. By Josiah
 Royce, D.Sc. 2 vols. Pp. xvi, 425,
 442. 1913.
- MARIETTI, Turin.
Disputationes Theologiæ Moralis. By
 Rev. Arthur Cozzi, S.T.D. Vols. III.,
 IV. Pp. 368, 383. Price (for the four
 vols.), 14.00 fr. 1913. *Le Saint Suaire
 de Notre Seigneur.* By Rev. A. Esch-
 bach. Pp. xii, 160. Price, 2.00 fr.
 1913. *Il Dogma Cattolico nell' ora
 presente.* By Rev. Joseph Rinaldi.
 2 Vols. Pp. 388, 439. Price, 3.50 fr.
 each. 1913. *Vangelisti di cinque
 minuti per le Messe baste.* 2a Edizione.
 By Rev. W. Buetti. Pp. 159. Price,
 1.50 fr. 1913. *Corso di Conferenze:
 Educazione.* By Fr. A. Oldrà, S.J.
 Pp. xi, 420. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913. *Magister
 Parvulorum.* By Rev. P.
 Boggio. Pp. xx, 520. Price, 2.80 fr.
 1913.
- PUSTET, Innsbruck.
Epitome Theologiæ Moralis. Edited
 Dr. C. Telch. Pp. 539. Price, 3.40 m.
 1913.
- SCHWANN, Düsseldorf.
Psalmi Vespertini et Completorium.
 Edited by H. Königs. Pp. 202.
 Price, 2.50 m. 1913.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
The Maid of Springes. By Mrs. Edward
 Wayne. Pp. ix, 222. Price, 2s. 6d.
 1913. *Little Pilate and other Spanish
 stories.* By Fr. Coloma, S.J. Trans-
 lated by E. M. Brookes. Pp. xiii, 217.
 Price, 2s. 6d. 1913. *A Short Course
 of Catholic Instruction.* By Bernard
 W. Kelly. Pp. 52. Price, 4d. 1913. *Life
 of Sister St. Pierre.* By a Fran-
 ciscan Tertiary. Pp. 32. Price, 2d.
 1913. *Sister Mary of St. Francis.*
 By the Hon. Laura Petre. Edited by
 Dom Bede Camm. Pp. xi, 352. Price,
 5s. net. 1913. *On a Hill.* By
 F. M. Capes. Pp. 111. Price, 1s. 6d.
 1913.
- WATKINS, London.
*Early English Instructions and Devot-
 ions.* Rendered into modern English
 by Geraldine E. Hodgson, D.Litt.
 Pp. 151. Price, 2s. net. 1913.

